OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No. 43.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

The town has been electrified the past week, with the opera of *La Bayadere*, at the Park; while Mdlle. AUGUSTA is the theme of all tongues at home, and the reigning toasts abroad. Poetasters have incontinently unbuttoned their shirt collars *a la Byron*, and taken to gin and water, and the perpetration of sonnets to her eye-brow. Even our friend FIGARO—he "of the lion heart and eagle eye"—pleads guilty to being "pretty considerably struck up" with the dazzling radiance of her beauty, while the following apostrophe shows that his heart, as Fathom says, "is as soft as a woman's:"—

Apostrophe to Augusta, by Figaro.

The curtain rises! roll the drums!
The bugles echo! Hark! She comes!
Bravos, long and loud, are pealing,
And music o'er our senses stealing,
As sylph-like in her gay career,
Before us springs La Bayadere!
Still louder swell the welcome notes,
Of joy, as on the air she floats,
The vaulted roof can scarcely hold
The plaudits that are upward roll'd.
On tip-toe, see, the fair nymph stands,
Her bosom cross'd with folded hands;
Now, blushing roses light her face,
As bending, with the lily's grace,
She curtsies with a modest air.
Was ever mortal half so fair?
With airy steps and classic mien,—
Enchantress of the festive scene—
A scarf around her form she flings,
And now again in air she springs.
E'en so the bright Calypso shone
Encircled with a fairy zone,
When bounding o'er her sea-girt isle
With dimpled cheek and radiant smile.
Like some bright vision of our dreams,
The dancing girl before us seems;
And when from our delighted eyes
She sudden glides with strange surprise,
We hope 'gainst hope will e'er appear,
A goddess like *La Bayadere!*

The opera has been nightly attended by brilliant and crowded houses, having been got up in a style of splendor that does the manager infinite credit. The orchestra and corps du ballet are strengthened, and the effect heightened by magnificent dresses and scenic decorations. We can bear witness to the truth of the "official report" by Figaro:—

The last scene of the ascension of the Bayadere with the great Unknown, amidst pink colored clouds and cherubims and revolving suns, representing the celestial regions, is a master-piece for theatrical illusion and machinery. The artists, Messrs. Evers and Dunn, would not discredit the adepts of the great French Opera. The costumes purely oriental, and the banners, devices, and emblazonry, all in excellent keeping, do no less honor to the ability of Messrs. Mead, Johnson & Co. The dancing of M'lle. Augusta, however, was the charm of this magnificent spectacle; she eclipsed all the gorgeousness of scenery, processions, and rich costumes, by her sylph-like and exquisitely graceful movements. She quite surpassed herself, and we were delighted that an opportunity was presented to her by this charming opera, to to display for the first time since her arrival in this country, the extraordinary talents with which she is gifted. She has now established her reputation upon a basis which nothing can shake, and we promise for her a rich harvest during her residence among us. The taste and skill of this lady were manifested in a conspicuous manner by the corps du ballet, which accompanied her in her train. The beautiful shawl dance is performed by them under her direction, is entirely of her own invention. The vocal music goes off much better than on the first representation. Richings is more at home, and Jones having recovered from his hoarseness, sings in his usual finished style of his melodious voice. Miss Cowan also is less embarrassed, and the orchestra and chorusses are all that could be desired.

The KEELEYS are still at the Park, but leave immediately for New Orleans. Miss ELLEN TREE makes her debut on Monday.

Mr. GEORGE JONES made his debut last Monday at the National theatre, in the character of *Hamlet*, and was warmly greeted by a house crowded to the ceiling; the RAVELS made their appearance on the same occasion. Mr. J. has since played *Rolla*. We were not present on either occasion, and therefore cannot speak with any degree of confidence as to his success; we understand, however, that his performances were highly creditable to him. He was called out by the audience on his first appearance, and acknowledged the compliment in an address which we would subjoin had we room, a copy having been furnished us for that purpose.

When are we to have Mrs. GIBBS again at the Park?

PLUMER and JOHN SEFTON are "the *great* features" of the National and Franklin, though Maj. NOAH can put both in his breeches pocket—when he pulls out the State of Delaware.

COOPER and his daughter are at Petersburgh, Va. Mrs. McLEAN has left for the Ga. and Carolina theatres.

Mrs. GEORGE BARRETT's farewell benefit at the Tremont theatre, Boston, last Monday, was a grand affair, the receipts being over $2000. The premium paid for the choice of boxes was $583—$50, says the Post, was given for the first choice.

A. A. ADDAMS is starring at Nashville. We hear nothing of his wife, late Miss Mary Duff. What has become of her and her mother, the best *Jane Shore*, *Isabel*, and *Mrs. Haller* on the stage? Can our quondam correspondent, Joel G. Seaver, inform us?

THE BOWERY THEATRE.—The *Spirit of the Times* alluding to the progress of re-building this Theatre, has made a rather unfortunate remark, to this effect, "Dinneford says he will open it on New Year's Day, and we rather "guess" he will, for when Fathom says he'll do a thing," etc., and there our contemporary stops short; we will supply the *cetera desunt*, appropriately—"When Fathom says he'll do a thing—*why, then he don't!*" New-Year's day occurs on Sunday.

New Era of Monday

"Very well said, very well. Thank'ee, good Sir, I owe you one!"

Both houses are doing a good business at New Orleans. LATHAM and FINN are daily expected at the St. Charles with their new forces; in the meantime, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Drake, and Mr. Barton are playing their several limited engagements. At the Camp-street, they have PARSONS in a new tragedy, by Bannister, and other novelties.

Our Mobile friends are going on swimmingly, the theatre being deservedly popular with all classes. Mrs. DRAKE and Mr. BALLS have played each a short engagement, (both successful,) Mrs. PRITCHARD follows, then Mrs. Lewis, Mr. Wallack, &c. &c.

We do not hear of the opening of the new Vicksburg theatre, nor have we any advices that the Natchez has commenced the Winter campaign.

The BARNES are at Louisville, and doing a pretty fair business. Poor old Barnes struck us from the roll of his acquaintances, for having the temerity to hint that Miss Charlotte was not quite the actress Miss Fanny Kemble was cracked up to be. She is beautiful, gifted, and an authoress of considerable pretensions, said we; this was allowed by Barnes himself. We said she would adorn any circle of society. So she would, said Barnes. Her genius, education, and knowledge of stage effect eminently befit her to shine as a dramatic authoress. The fact was not to be disputed, Mr. Barnes allowed. But her figure and voice are unequal to the successful personation of characters in the first range of the Drama. I shall cut your acquaintance, Sir, said Barnes, *and so he did!*

The TERNANS are playing Sergeant Talfourd's tragedy of *Ion* at the Walnut-street theatre, Phila. CELESTE is repeating night after night the opera of the *Maid of Cashmere* at the Chesnut-street, while JOHN R. SCOTT is making the fortune of Wemyss at the new Coates-street theatre. BURTON, of the Chesnut-street, has for the last two years been promising to give the New Yorkers a taste of his quality; a cordial welcome awaits him.

Messrs. Maywood, Rowbotham, and Pratt opened the Washington theatre on Wednesday last. They announce in the course of the season Miss Ellen Tree, Miss Clifton, Celeste, the Keeleys, Power, Wallack, Dowton, Abbott, &c. &c. Their stock company, we should think, will be stronger than has played at Washington since Jefferson's time, when A. Addams, Mrs. Chapman, and a host of clever people were under the direction of that veteran disciple of Momus.

The Bostonians are not only "miffed," but absolutely savagerous at the treatment received by JOHNSON at the National theatre in this city. Johnson has more than once complained to us that he was cast in characters entirely out of his line of business, and contrary to the spirit of his "articles," no opportunity was afforded him of appearing before a New York audience in the range of parts which gained him so much applause elsewhere. The Boston Commercial Gazette has the following paragraph on the subject of Flynn's advertisement, which, taken altogether, is the best theatrical joke of the season:—

The New York *Sunday News* contains the following advertisement in relation to "Old" Johnson, the comedian, who, we are happy to state, returned to his numerous friends of the Tremont last evening, and was received with acclamation and open arms. He is too valuable a *pearl* to be cast before the *swinish multitude* who patronize Mr. Flynn's National theatre in New York. He is a "Boston boy," and would be unworthy of that proud distinction if he were not "up to *snuff*" in all his dealings with foreign managers:—

☞ FIFTY CENTS REWARD.—Ran away, from his contract, W. F. JOHNSON, late of the Tremont theatre, Boston, leaving his name in the bill of performance for Wednesday last, and attending rehearsal the same morning, and not intimating the slightest intention of breaking his engagement. The said Johnson is about five feet eight inches high, stout, pale face, and takes a great quantity of snuff, and speaks with a woman's voice. He will easily be recognized, by an unhappy failing of finding fault with all things in this life, and constantly speaking ill of all that ever employed him. He is under contract for one year. Whoever will deliver the said Johnson at the National theatre, on or before Tuesday next, shall be entitled to the above reward and expenses, without any questions being asked; and should he have committed suicide, the body will be easily identified by the part of Hugh Habershaw, in the play of Horse Shoe Robinson, being in the right hand pocket of his trowsers, and a tin snuff box in the other. THOS. FLYNN.

National Theatre, Dec. 1, 1836.

LONDON CHIT-CHAT.

"Was it with a view to *blacken* the memory of the man whose statue dis-figures Pall Mall East, or to cast a stain upon the reputation of the artist, that the attempt was made to bedevil the pedestal with Day and Martin's jet?" asked D'Orsay of our Tom. "I do not exactly know," rejoined Tom, "but I look upon it as very unfair to be-*War-ren* (warring) against either."

THE FUNKER.

Grantley, we know, can with a single bullet,
Bring down a swallow, or the smallest pullet;
Hit pigeons nine in ten with surest lead,
Where Battersea erects its house of red.
And yet his well-tried pistol, when he cock'd her
And took his ground, shot widely of the Doctor.
Whence then arose this difference of aim?
Maginn, we know, is something more than game.
Easy it is the cause to understand—
The bird had got no pistol in his hand!

Kensington Gore. A. CTE. D'ORSAY.

The Swedish regulations respecting drunkenness are decidedly severe. A man who dies drunk is buried "without the benefit of clergy," which every one must admit to be a serious calamity. He is fined heavily for the offence, and it appears that half the sum goes to the informer and half to the poor. The latter regulation is manifestly objectionable, Mr. Charles Pearson thinks, as creating a temptation to get drunk for the sake of promoting the sacred cause of charity.

We perceive by the Athenæum that Lady Augusta Gordon has been elected a *fellow* of the Horticultural Society. This is not the first lady who has had a similar honor conferred upon her by the savans of this institution, who certainly possess a talis-*man*-ic influence over the sexes, in thus being able to produce so great a change by the mere act of election. Most of the members, we should conclude from this, were *Irishmen*.

Lord Copeland being told that a culprit who was brought before him was charged with "shoplifting," asked the man whether he "lifted" house and all, for if he did he must be a very strong and dangerous character; "but," observed his Highness, "I never heard of such a feat as that since the days of Sampson." What a pity it is that our Lord Mayors are not Sampsons in intellect

Ireland, contends that "cogging, cozening knave," M'Ghee, will never be happy until it is converted to the true Protestant faith. If this be true, what a fine inducement to conversion they must possess in having the Irish Church constantly before their eyes, and the fingers of its pastors frequently in their pockets. What glorious heralds of salvation are musket balls and swan-shot, procured expressly by pious Protestant ministers, for the purpose of hastening the progress of the gospel! What Scriptures can be so persuasive as writs of rebellion, level as they are to the capacity of the meanest of the peasantry? A tithe process must be the most effectual of any for making the benighted Catholics better acquainted with the merits of the rival faith. What hardened wretches are the Papists that they are unable to discover the vast superiority of a religion which brings so many blessings in its train!

WAR IN THE CITY.—The *apple* of discord appears to have been introduced into the city, and the votaries of Pomona are suffering extreme persecution at the hands of the police. The latter evince an extraordinary antipathy to pears and pippins, and in the neighborhood of the Exchange cats'-head, apples, codlings, and their vendors are at an alarming discount.

The *war* is commenced by the guardians of *peace*,
And fruit-women fly from the City Police;
Who, storming the apple-stalls, fined by gin-flaskets,
Take *up* the poor beldames, and throw *down* their baskets.
By the powerful Mayor, the offenders, when caught,
Are sure to be fined, or con-fined, as they ought;
The crones cry for justice; but Justice, alas!
Is blind, and a *Hob(b)ler*—the *Mayor's* just an *ass!*

AN ORIGINAL. A certain venerable gentleman, an artist known to fame, and honoured by the addition of R. A. to his highly respectable name, was a day or two since walking in the neighbourhood of Soho-square, and became much surprised at seeing a wretched daub exhibited at a shop window for sale, with a placard fixed upon it, saying "This fine original picture of Bacchus and Ariadne, by—— (the artist above referred to,) only 20 guineas." This was too bad—the sighr of his name to a production which would almost have shamed a painter of tea-boards, was to much of for the philosophy of Mr.——. He went into the shop, and was *assured* by the proprietor that the picture was "*an original.*" "Then, sir, said the old gentleman, "I will not suffer my name to be disgraced by such a *thing* being ascribed to my pencil." With these words he dashed his stick through the canvas of the painting, and repeated the dose with such effect as nearly to destroy it. The picture dealer stormed, the artist took it quietly, and his leave, first going through the ceremony of leaving his card on the man's counter.

The Irish members are ever foremost in works of benevolence and charity, and in support of this assertion we may mention that a report is current that the member for Ennis, Mr. Hewit Bridgeman, means to apply early next Session for a grant for the establishment of another *Magdalen* Asylum, and that he has already entered into a negotiation with the proprietors of Exeter Hall, which, having failed as a saintly speculation, is to be devoted to the purpose alluded to. The support of Major Macnamara and Mr. Daniel Calligan towards such a praiseworthy institution is confidently relied upon, and even the moral Colonel Sibthorp is said to have expressed his warm approbation of the project. Ellen Courtenay is talkad of as the matron of the establishment!

When a man takes upon himself the duty of horsewhipping another, it is very convenient that he should not be compelled to endure a drubbing himself, ere his task be completed. Captain Chadwick, the exquisite Master of the Ceremonies at Herne Bay, found himself the other day in this predicament: the fists of his opponent were more than a match for his horsewhip. He appears not to have calculated on the prowess and strength of the opposite party, or else that he would exhibit the most Christian patience and forbearance. The Captain should have recollected that horsewhipping is trying to the feelings, and might excite the evenest temper; we dare say that his readiness to inflict it will not be viewed as exculpatory of the charge alleged against him of writing an annonymous letter.

A LORD SPIRITUAL.—An individual in a state of *alcoholic* oscillation, and who appeared to be anything but a Right Reverend "Saint in lawn," was seen a few nights since staggering along Drury-lane, where, upon his ultimately tumbling into the gutter, a gemman wot sells "wegetables" thus accosted him in the slang phrase of the day. "I say, ould Stick-in the-mud! who are you?"—"I'm the Bishop of *Bath*," instantly responded the recumbent, "so don't disturb me in my diocese!"

The dearth of news at this time has been relieved by the announcement that among the arrivals at Strasburg, are "The Grand Duchess Xaviere of Tuscany, Colonel Pzienbowski, Countess Peralia de Renaud, and thirty-six other persons of distinction." What a pity that we are not favored with their names also! It is, in fact very insulting to these thirty-six persons of distinction; but it is probable that the reporter found that there was no chance of payment for puffing them into notice. However, Colonel Pzienbowski must be, judging from his name, a most formidable character.

A very candid confession was made at Guildhall, last week, by Mr. Mordan, the ever-pointed pencil-case maker, who had, under the irritation of the moment given a young man named Robson into charge for horsewhipping him. Mr. Mordan, however, declined to press the charge, observing, "that he only had what he richly deserved." It appears that Mr. Mordan had been making very "pointed" overtures for the surrender of the chastity of one of the female branches of Mr. Robson's connexions.

A lady thief was taken up the other day, who gave her name Frances Blunt, and who had been detected in stealing some articles from a hosier's in Tottenham Court-road. Whether "Blunt" was a name "coined" for the occasion, we cannot say; but we recommend her to "change" it as soon as possible.—"Blunt" is a "capital" name for a thief; but we see nothing particularly elegant in it for a young lady. She was committed for trial, which we are not surprised at, as getting "blunt" out of the clutches of the law is almost as difficult as getting a nigger from the jaws of a shark.

We beg to call the attention of the Vice Society to a placard which is to be seen in the window of a dairy in the neighborhood of Paddington, containing the following announcement:—"A girl wanted for a walk." What horrible profligacy—what a concentration of crime is to be witnessed in this short announcement! It is almost as bad as the Crown-button gentry advertising "a governess wanted" The "milk" of our humanity is completely "curdled" at beholding a "dairy" lending itself to such an immoral purpose: the keepers deserve to be im-*pailed* for such an offence.

The Mrs. Murray Mills whose name figured in the tale of distress at Marlborough-street Police-office, on Tuesday and Thursday, was formerly designated "The Psyche of Piccadily." She was intimate not only with the late King when Prince Regent, but with Prince Leopold before his going to Belgium, and, indeed, since, for she has visited him both at Brussels and in Paris, and, if report be true, he saw her on his flying visit to England the other day. Surely a woman sharing in the favors of Kings and Ministers, might spare a little towards the support of her own child—who may, for aught we, or even she herself, can tell, inherit as much princely blood as a Fitzjordan or a d'Este.

A DAY WITH THE CORK UNIONS.

CHAPTER I.—THE COVERT.

"Pro aris et focis."——"Our horses and foxes."—*Free Translation.*

It was on a fine fox-hunting morning towards the latter end of December, 183—, that the Cork Union hounds met to draw the coverts of Castlelyons and Ryder's Brake. A light breeze had sprung up, not however sufficient to brush the dew from the heather, as it hung in long pearly rows, and glistened like diamonds in the morning sun, but merely breathing in the faces of the red-coated Nimrods with the keen bracing freshness of a frosty morning. Who is the huntsman that loves not such a breeze? It is a source of happiness to the becalmed sailor, as with longing eyes he looks over the mirror-like ocean, and gladdens as the smooth expanse is broken into undulating billows; his sails are filled, and away glides his long-pent barque on her destined course. Thus is the scent borne to the nostrils of the canine herd. "Wind him, and find him, my darlings," is the cry, as the richly-wooded glen resounds to the deep bay of the restless fox-hounds.

Already the "central spot," the place of meeting, is an object of interest. Below the mist, so perceptible in the clear frosty air, produced from the breathing of a crowded assemblage of bipeds and quadrupeds, my eye, practised by a long acquaintance with the parties, readily distinguished the huntsman and his satellites. After the usual salutation,—"Your dogs are in excellent condition," &c., and the assurance, "Capital scent-lying day this, Sir," on his—together with the announcement of my arrival by the yelping of all the young dogs in the pack, ever ready to open their throats on the slightest opportunity—I dismounted my hackney—(the best animal that was ever, as the forcible, though vulgar, expression says, "lapped in leather." We have him now many years, and though he performs the various avocations of "my father's arm chair," "my sister's palfrey," "my gay covert-hack," and universal screw and roadster for the whole family, is, barring *minus* one eye, as stout on his pins as ever)—and, taking my Monarch mare from my groom, joined the jovial crew.

Already were arriving, or arrived, the *elite* of all our numerous sportsmen. Those who are quite *au fait* at doing "the thing in style," drive in their drags, (a species of vehicle built like a gig, with plain back,) and, unsullied by a single speck of envious mud, glittering with scarlet and jet-blacking, dazzling with bright steel, mount their noble weight-carrying hundred-guinea racing hunters—(most of our horses are steeple-chasers)—and join the ranks of those who ride in Danger's break-neck chase. Those whom you see slowly winding round the dell, as if fearful of the horses becoming blown, are others who ride their hunters to covert, and are making the most of them. Some are now resting in that farm-yard, and more busily employed in tightening girths, smoothing saddle-cloths, and adjusting bridle-reins with the greatest nicety. A numerous party arrive together, and, leaving their covert hacks, sit gallantly mounted: they are my earliest and most intimate acquaintances; I shall introduce them to the reader. They are five brothers, keen, ardent, and determined sportsmen, the Messieurs D——, of B. That gentleman riding that beautiful bay horse is Mr. T. D., on Diamond. This well-looking, though rather *petit-maitre* horseman, bestriding a tall, awkward chesnut horse, and shewing off by the style in which he clears his fences—"Who is he?"—That's Mr. J. C., the *arbiter elegantiarum* of our town—a very Triton among us small minnows; the Sampson who bears away in his mighty grasp from us poor Philistines all the "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles" of the female portion of our population; and here he is, trying to win golden opinions from all sorts of men by riding over everything. He is, as you may observe, a capital horseman, and it is his pride to be the "observed of all observers," "the star, the gaze, the go," the very cynosure of neighboring eyes. He approaches. "How do?"—"How are you?"—"Is that a fast horse you ride?"—"This animal?" replied the dandy, scornfully looking towards his boot, the toe of which was just placed in the stirrup after the most approved cavalry fashion—"Yes!"—"Is not that your own horse you ride?" I said.—"Pooh, no," he answered; "I just got this brute from O'B. to throw a few jumps, and the beast has not a *step for a funeral.*" So saying, he again commenced his career of leaping, to take what was in the horse out of him; and when, in the course of the day he would be called on by his rider to put forth his energies, then of course be found wanting. This habit of tiring horses by what is termed "schooling them" while the hounds are drawing, cannot be too strongly reprobated: it may be amusement at the moment, but the performers hazard being thrown out in the hunt by it; for it is impossible that a horse galloped at this fence, and rattled at that, for hours in the morning, can keep the pace with another kept quite fresh until called on, when the hounds are running in the afternoon.—Now enters on the field a stout youth in hunting costume, riding a smart cut of a grey, *gaudet nomine* S——: he rides up to a quiet-looking young gentleman, apparently more a spectator of than a sharer in the diversion, and tapping him on his back says, "Why don't you ride that horse forward, E.?"—"Wait," replied the other spiritedly, "until the hounds find, and then try if you can catch me."—"Oh! I'll engage I can't catch you," rejoined S. readily, "for you are always behind."

A group of horsemen behind me prevented my hearing the reply, and on turning, I beheld Mr. D——, of D——, riding Conrad; R. S. the B—s; D. on his eternal white horse; R——, and my old friend Dr. Charley M. "I hope I see you well, Doctor," I said, greeting him. "*Et tu quoque, Domine.*" was the reply; and we rode together to the covert, which the hounds were then drawing.

How wonderful, yet beautiful, is the instinct with which the hound seeks his prey! A pack in full work is a lesson of perseverance and industry to man: they leave not the least portion of their task undone: you behold them every minute running before you with eager eyes and business-like air, now snuffing round the gorse, and anon dashing through this apparently impenetrable barrier with the ease and agility of a cat: one runs down this path, and is met by another, who takes up the trail, and both unite in the work of investigation: every corner of underwood, every cranny of timber, or "coign of vantage" in the feathery fern, is the subject of their imperturbable scrutiny; out starts a hare, and perhaps causes a yelp from a young hound, but nothing more; the old dogs take no notice of poor puss, and the legitimate search is still as close as ever. Meantime the two dogs above-mentioned, Spinner and Vengeance, break the holly-bush of the wide-extended brake, and on the firm reliance placed on their veracity being well known, causes immediate preparation for action. "Louder yet the clamor grows," and the air, ringing with the merry cry of the numerous pack, tells of the hot warfare that rages within.

Some of the knowing 'uns, staid old stagers, now make a cast to a certain angle, where they are quite certain of the fox bolting; and the cry of "Way! way! till the fox breaks covert," and the clearing of that portion next the cry, that no obstacle may prevent Reynard making his *debut*, now occupies the attention.

At length a hare, hotly pursued by a few young entries, calling for chastisement, puts the field in motion; and while the cries of "Eu back, get away back," mingled with the crashing of whips and the winding of horns, are heard, a loud shout of "Tally-ho, Tally-who" from the corner produces a sort of electric shock, arousing all energies among the scarlet mob. First, there's a universal charge for the gap in the covert-wall; next, those have cleared that formidable barrier are entangled in that tall gorse; crowds are scrambling through the wood, gallopping up the paths, and trotting along the miry lanes, to the great detriment of white doe-skin; hounds and whippers in the rear. "Hold hard, gentlemen, and let the hounds on," the huntsman sings out at the top of his voice; lane is opened for him by drawing up on both sides. "Hoic her, Hoic here to halloo," cries the huntsman. The hounds are now laid on, the scent taken up rapidly, a few irregular bursts, like the wind rustling over harp-strings, ensue, and settling themselves steadily to their work, leave the horsemen to follow as they may.

CHAPTER II.—THE CHASE.

"We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
...... Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding, for beside the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near,
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder."—SHAK.

We paused, gentle reader, at the very moment when you, if a follower of the chase, particularly fox-hunting, should not, save at the imminent risk of being thrown, not off, but out, namely, at the very onset which followed the fox's breaking covert; if you please then, we will now resume our "gait of going," and ride for the brush with the rest.—But first a word as to riding.

It is the perfection of horsemanship to keep your saddle well going across the country; and, whatever unreflecting riding-masters say, to the contrary, I maintain that this chiefly depends on the hold you have in the stirrup. Of course I do not advise to depend entirely on the stirrup—that would be equally erroneous—merely to enable you to sit in a proper position. Mind their directions, and mark the consequence. "Extend," say they, "your lower extremities to as perpendicular a degree as possible, and place in your stirrup the ball of the foot." How is it possible, with such a position, you can keep your seat? the thing is absurd: you have no purchase by the knee, for the muscles are relaxed, and that powerful joint, your main support on horseback, thereby deprived of its compressive strength. You are also liable in this posture to rupture, and inguinal hernia may be produced, from the inferior part of the body being thus made to press so heavily on the saddle. I recommend to have your stirrup shortened to the length that you can stand in them so as to clear the pummel of the saddle, and the feet placed in them as far as possible. When seated thus, you feel you can grasp with the knee and calf of the leg, which in a riding-master's position is impossible, and possess a strong adhesion or lateral pressure on the animal's side, which no other means can give. Besides, your short stirrup gives you immense advantage over your horse: the force of your arm is increased by it, and you have need to exert it to restrain the impetuosity of your hunter at the onset. Most horses pull hard when the fox goes away, and you must endeavor to get a good place, and then keep it. Hold your horse well in hand over green fallow and ploughed land: let him go slowly over all heavy ground, and have your eyes about to see if one part may be harder than the rest; do not let him race at awkward fences, but take your reins in both hands, and lift him well, taking care to keep your body back from the moment he rises; never pull when going over a leay, and avoid stone-coping when you can; keep near enough to hounds to see them get along: it is quite sufficient if you are well placed; if not, and riding a fleet horse, wait for long light soil to make up, and do not distress him in low heavy bottoms. There is a great advantage in well-bred horses: they go through a boggy and deep country much more readily and with greater ease to themselves than common ones. This much advised, we will now look to the hunt.

The moment the fox was *found*, it was confusion worse confounded; those who knowingly made a cast to the right were quite taken aback by the fox facing the left, and rode desperately to regain their lost places; and what with the flashing of scarlet here, and there, a clashing of hoofs every where, a banging of gates, a falling at gaps, and a cry of hounds in all directions, one, a stranger to such scenes, might imagine he had fallen on some scene of chaos and disorder, quite overlooked in the arrangement of Nature to the rules of order and regularity.

The course the fox took on that day was a long and arduous one; soil light, and heavy at intervals, sufficient to try the speed and bottom of the horses; and as the reader may possibly take an interest in learning the state of hunting ground in Ireland, I will recapitulate the chase.

After leaving the covert, the hounds made for a low deep glen, from the other side of which rose the long pasture fields of B——, bare, yet green in their winter dress; crossing this bog, for in various places, neither few nor far between, the brown and black turf mould shewed us what it was, many a dainty rider was doomed to bite the dust. There was a young officer out, on whom I determined to keep my eye, but owing to the confusion attending our onset, I lost sight of him, and saw him no more for that day. The rushing down from the heights on which the covert stood to this bog was really fearful: the whole pack, running nearly breast high, were slashing through the marshy ground, at a pace that to hold one's horse for the purpose of taking it easy, would have been nothing more nor less than declining any further acquaintance with them. Besides, a brown object, with a slight touch of white at his tail end, crawling as if at his most leisurely pace, told that the fox was making for K—— Wood; so, to save one's horse's head from coming in contact with the broad bank of the glen was our object. This was effected, and the trained hunters before me understood their work, and executed it in superior style. Diamond,* Red Rover, Conrad, and the smart grey of S——, had surmounted the obstruction by jumping up, landing, and off, when holding my mare with both hands I let her go at it. In a twinkling I was mingled with the foremost, my huntress having with an incredible effort cleared the formidable barrier, and landed well in the next field; another and another fence was equally dealt with, and out of a large field of sportsmen, eight continued to "spur our jaded Pegasus apace:" and

"Oft on the hounds the hunters came
To cheer them on their vanquish'd game."

The ground, I have before hinted, was divided into hard and soft bottoms; so having emerged from the low marshes, and gained the summit of the opposite hill, we—*i. e.*, hounds and horses, men and boys—continued to move at what may be well termed the rate of a fox-hunt.

Here again, as is the case in every cultivated country, the grounds presented large fallow-fields and enclosed farms, chequered with tillage and grass lands, the fine firm fences discovering no insurmountable obstacle to an active five-year-old well-bred mare, and we kept well together, followed *longo intervallo* by "the tail." How beautiful is the method with which a well-trained hunter measures his fences! At the moment when the hurry and rush of the movement would almost persuade one was impossible, how noble the fire of his eye, as in the drop down he catches a lightning glance of the distant pack, and the bell-tongued peal causes his ears to tingle! How energetic the poke of his outstretched head, as he seeks for a greater length of rein, and bears himself swiftly on his eagle flight! Who would be the barbarian to spur him at that moment, to lash his panting sides, and press his already-anxious gait? Surely not a sportsman, not one in whom the milk of human kindness is sweetened by an intimate acquaintance with the bounteous works of nature! Now the fox has traversed, and is running back in the direction of C——: the hounds pursue steadily, and on heading for the earth near A.'s Wood, Pug was so tightly pressed, that he ran along the ridge of a hill for a considerable distance. Hark! hark! that opening of every throat, as the turn of an angle discloses to the sight of the yelping crew their destined victim, tells of a view-halloo. Now they're into him: will he live to gain the quarry? Egad, it's a tight race, as the whole pack rush impetuously forward. Now Reynard gains the hollow; down, down, till we can see him no longer. What means this silence? the hounds are at fault—it is a Check.

CHAPTER III.—THE CHECK.

"My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew:
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapped like Thesalian bulls:
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn."—SHAK.

Even in the chase we are sometimes subject to disappointment. What situation of our life is for a moment free from it? Baffled hopes and ruined prospects overturn our most sanguine speculations, and the Check is a serious dilemma in the chase. It is at the instant the scent fails that the true instinct of the hound is displayed: here the greyhound is completely baffled, his nose not being fine enough to aid him in his need. But how beautiful is the sagacity of the fox-hound! what an admirable manœuvre ensues, in the contemplation of which the sportsman is more than repaid for the delay! The whole pack come in a body to the point where the scent fails, and immediately, as by universal consent, a rush off in different directions, as a patent-cartridge, having arrived at its destination, explodes, and drives the shot in all manner of angles. Some advance, more retire; some make a cast to the right, others to the left: all will not do; not a sound breaks from one of them; there they work, jumping from furrow to furrow, from bush to bush, and trailing the ground as if they'd rub off their noses. The huntsmen now come to their aid: "Here, here! here, here!" he cries, riding back some distance. The hounds, as if relying on his discretion, crowd after him: he jumps over a small gate, and some follow; more stand on the ditch, lolling their tongues out, and looking anxiously about them. Hush! that long note rouses the hearts of all as if by magic: it is not a bark, nor a yelp, a growl, nor a howl, but a note "musical and wond'rous sweet." Not the trump which summons men to battle causes more excitement than the single cry of a fox-hound at that moment. Mark the result. Scarcely is that single word spoken (for such I aver it is), than the steed and his rider are on the *qui vive: Lord Burleigh's* nod was never half so comprehensive. "Spinner, say so, my honey!" cries the huntsman. The low yelp again bursts on our ears, and at the voice of their fugleman the whole pack rush to the spot: another, and another voice is now heard, and the low, feeble tones of the solitary performer are no longer perceptible amid the tumultuous and overwhelming crash of the chorus of full orchestra.

CHAPTER IV.—THE DEATH.

"Poor Pug, the dogs thy quarters gore,
The tears run down thy face;
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
His joys were in the chase."—OLD SONG.

"Here we are again, boys," as Ducrow's Merryman would say, going along just the same as if nothing had occurred to interrupt us. I have within my mind a fitful reminiscence of having dashed by within view of the "white-walled distant town;" of having seen certain of my brothers in scarlet floored; of having caught a run-away horse, and given him in charge to a countryman to hold till the owner would come up; of crossing a certain park, and fording a certain river; I have a dim recollection of a round tower on a hill, and a thatched cabin in a glen; of an old house in a wood, and a rustic cottage in a grove: but where they are situate I know not, perchance shall never know; but there are some fences in that neighborhood I shall not easily forget.—*Imprimis*—at a large bank, stockaded with formidable furze, I jumped my mare: on the top she missed her feet and fell. I feared to throw myself off, for then it would be impossible for me to assist her; so throwing in the heel, I roused her forward, and sitting well against her as she got up, I held on her feet as she reached the ground. *Secundo*—seeing an apparently low fence, I dashed at it, and was near leaping on Mr. ——, Fourth Dragoon Guards, who was prostrate on the other side, with his mare lying across his chest; the fence, though low at one side, was narrow, and very steep on the other. These, and such incidents as these, are a sportsman's epoch of a hunt: the coped wall by the Lodge, that broad drain by the mill, that rasping-stone fence of the plantation—these are the points of a fox-hunter's topograpy. Here we go, say I, as resolutely if not as fast as formerly, with a glimpse of Reynard at intervals as he rises on the top of a bank, or dashes through a glen while we are on the top; he has made an *entapis* to the left of the pack, in view of the dogs; see, they are preparing for a bold stroke. The field, now thinned of its member, presents but five riding with the hounds, and the stragglers have paired off. Now view the noble pace; 'tis surely a sight worth seeing: it is a regular race; there is a war-to-the-knife sort of air about them that shews a spirit but to be appeased by blood, the blood of their victim. All this is so much in judgment against poor Pug; the charge is being made, and the verdict is about to be brought in, justifying his murderers: not a reprieve from the king in person would avail a crack of a whip. Every bound lessens the distance between the accusers and the accused, the foes and their victim; as the distance lessens, the pace is *e converso*, as lawyers say, increased; a small screen is at a little distance; it is vain for Pug to think of reaching it. By Jove! he is making the effort. Poor fellow! it is in vain. Spinner and Vengeance are just at his brush, close up to him: there, Spinner has jumped on him. No! he has escaped. Vengeance's turn is next: he has got but fur for his pains. By Jove! he *has* reached the screen! there is not an atom of covert in it to shelter him for a moment, and he is forced, yet loth, to quit. He will never cross the field: already he hears the tramp of his mortal foes behind: getting a glimpse from the corner of his eyes, he sees two great rows of *ivories à tergo*, and has rather an uneasy feel about his loins, such as criminals may be supposed to have at the sight of the halter. Spinner and Vengeance already lick their jaws in anticipation of their repast. Reynard is down; and where there are so many competitors, it is hard to say who deserves the meed of praise for giving him his death-wound; but one thing is certain, nothing more so that he is dead, and that the huntsman stands in the middle of the pack holding him up, the vital spark being extinguished for ever!

J. HIREEN,
OF FERMOY.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, 1836.

SKETCHES OF PROFESSIONAL CHARACTERS.

THE HORSE DEALER.

"Could horses speak, as Swift once made 'em,
My task were easy—then would my pen
Be free as faithful.—BYRON.

The hurly-burly of an English *professional* horse fair, comes vividly across the imagination of those who have witnessed one (there being many in London who have not), and with it a string of associations and impressions, that the old gentleman with the scythe has not been able to eradicate. We need not, however, proceed to a provincial country fair, to study the character and characteristics of "the Horse Dealer," when we have so many excellent *Metropolitan* and *Suburban* specimens of him at hand; especially about that locality, cognomened by the sanctified appellation of St. George's Fields! (how indignant the martyr would feel, did he but know what liberties were taken with his name!) a district peculiarly convenient for the exercise of his *mysteries*, and his useful and laudable avocations!

The "Horse Dealer's" or "Coper's" *origin*, is generally to be traced to the "helper" of the Metropolitan mews,—the hostler at the country inn,—or the understrapper, or "boy"* of the racing stable; and not unfrequently to the discharged groom, or coachman of the commoner, the peer, or the prince; in whose service he has laid the foundation of those accomplishments and amiabilities, which give him so many claims upon the good wishes of all who come in contact with him! His family, should he have any, like "the Exciseman's," draw very largely upon the virtues of the parent stock, and would rather be thought deficient in the mysteries of Lindley Murray, Matthew Hornsey, or William Cobbett, than for a moment be supposed, not "down," or "fly," to every syllable in the "flash lexicon!" whilst the sire early initiates them into the art and science of "gammoning a horse's bowsprit!" the miraculous accomplishment of "Corking," or making a *lame* one *sound!* the *old* one *young!!* and the broken-winded free from the most remote suspicion of being "a roarer!!!"

The *leading* feature of the "Horse Dealer"—I care not of what grade—whether of Park Lane or Piccadilly, or of the renowned and last named "Fields;" whether of Horncastle, Howden, Malton, Rippon, Boroughbridge, York, or Barnet; is *that* well understood by the expressive appellation of "low cunning;" a commodity more marketable, and in more request, than any specific in this era of gullibility—the nineteenth century! *without which*, merit may starve; *devoid of which*, talent may go a begging! It is charlatanarie's pioneer, fraud's auxiliary, and deception's mainstay; the swindler's safety valve, and the Horse Dealer's "vade mecum!"

"To Malton came I, praising the sale, Sir,
Of an horse without a tail, Sir;
Be he maim'd, blind, diseas'd,
If I sell him, I'm well pleased!
Should this 'Keppal' dee next morrow,
I partake not in the sorrow!
Then to Rippon, I appear there,
To sell horses, if they're dear there;
If they're cheap, I use to buy them,
And in the country, *profit* by them.
Whence to quicken 'em, I'll tell ye,
I put quick Eels into their belly!"—DRUNKEN BARNABY.

Buying and *selling*, with the "Horse Dealer," as respects the governing principle, that *ought* to prevail over all bargains, are, as with most dealers, but particularly the "Coper," two very distinct and different things. In *selling*, he will *warrant* (a warranty is a *stock* commodity with your Horse dealer!) the soundness and capacity of an animal, had it passed the ordeal, or run the gauntlet of *five* of the stages of the "high mettled racer!"

In *buying*, he will scrutinize with a truly *vetinerary*-like skill, (that scrutiny must *now* be closer than *heretofore*,) the whole anatomy of the beast, and will point out blemishes and defects, with a long list of hidden bad qualities, which, although you may have bred the animal yourself, and are parting with it, for any other cause but dissatisfaction, you have hitherto remained in a blessed unconsciousness of!—The whole fraternity act "most righteously" upon this principle: lauding up to the skies when they wish to *sell*—deprecating down to the bottomless pit when they want to *buy*,—should their nag be even—

"Like Rozinante—Quixotte's steed,
All skin and bone, for want of feed;
They'll swear it's sound in limb and wind,
Which soundness *they* can never find,
In horses which they buy!
But when the spendthrift has to *sell*,
They then on wind and spavins dwell,
And swear by G—d, and then by H—ll,
The horse has lost an eye!"

The very look and appearance of the Horse Dealer, speak volumes—he carries about with him a kind of *typical* impress of the "tykeonian" school, that needs but another auxiliary or two, to give him a claim to a *certain colony*, many degrees west of Cape Horn! The *moiety* of a coat—*green*, or at any rate, *bottle* green! (be it clearly understood, I am now speaking of his *appearance*, not of his *deserts!*) figurative of those he prefers dealing with; *cord*-uroy breeches with buttons, twisted round to the front, in a most diagonal-like appearance, indicating something *figurative* of that which shall be nameless, but which any one with an ordinary capacity may guess at! Top-boots, or high gaiters, as his contributions on the *confiding* may permit; an *ash* plant, intimating that a *certain offence* was committed in the act of procuring it! and to crown all—the round hat, cocked on one side of his head, bidding a defiance perfectly in keeping with his habits and avocation. Such is the *appearance* of your "Horse Dealer," or "Coper;" let us now enter a little more minutely into his other characteristics!

Having disposed of his leading one—low cunning—little remains to be said of him; for it nearly monopolizes, or swallows up the remainder—external, as well as internal. His ideas reach not beyond his calling—the most he can make of it, and the stable. There may be a "break" in his cranium—the "halter" is the only perspective his imagination is allowed to indulge in—his brightest moments are, when descanting on a fight or a fair—his last "deal," when he gammoned *this* man, or how he bambouzled *that!*—what occurred at the last fair, and what is likely to be the result of his dealings at the next; of a horse that stands at such a livery, or of one that has not a leg to stand on; of this "swap," or of that bargain; of the last "bit of stiff" he has sent into the market, or of the last "kite" and its victim; or of having been overreached by one more knowing than himself. Being what is called a "good fellow"—with him, is like charity—it "covereth a multitude of sins." He will spend five shillings to another man's one—this is the "Horse Dealer's" best quality! "Put him through all his paces," and it is the only one that bears a favorable aspect—the only one that bears a shadow of redemption, in the characteristics of your "Coper!" Often a Yorkshireman, (he possesses all the features of one of that county's most unamiable sons—he will "drink, chatter, bargain and bite!" and if, by chance, over-reached, will most religiously remember it at a future opportunity. "'Tis ten to one" but the aggressor will have reason to regret the skill—the vengeance of the "Coper" is not easily appeased. He has not much of character to lose—he is indifferent of consequences! The "arms" heralded out to Yorkshiremen, are peculiarly befitting the hero of my theme, from whatever quarter he may derive his parentage; and the "rope pendant" brings associations so nearly allied to his deserts, that one marvels to think he does not oftener come within "the noose;" but "if every one had their deserts who would escape whipping?" Methinks I hear the "Horse Dealer" exclaim, "Not you, Mr. Scribbler, at any rate!"

Although this may be considered "hard hitting," and a "fell swoop," I am bound, and free to confess, there are a few of the profession who may, comparatively, be termed respectable; but so minutely few are they, that they may be said to be at a shooting distance from each other!" I "precipitate"—to use a chemical term—my sketch from the whole clique; from the autocrat's agent down to the "chanter" of St. George's-fields, and the bolusser of a Plenipo!

In the course of my sketches—the whole of which await the press—I have had to depict some most unpopular "Professionals"—the Lawyer, the Bailiff, the Gaoler, and my *angry* friend, the Exciseman,† (only angry, by the bye, because I spoke the truth,) yet I never felt so much dislike to a subject, such a nausea at an undertaking, as in depicting the "Coper;" for, of all characteristics, "low cunning" is the most despicable and debased. Humbug, dexterity, tyranny, cant, "palm-ology," have nearly all been "shown up," as will ultimately appear as the leading features of certain "Professionals;" but they are qualities that may be tolerated, "as the world wags"—that may be admitted into the catalogue of "ways and means," by which a poor devil may be allowed to get "an honest penny;" but let us, reader, invoke our "better angel," to deliver us from that which is the Horse Dealer's leading characteristic and stock qualification—low cunning.

From Mr. Pulleyn's "Professionals," just published.

* Called "Boys," although as antiquated as some of our "Post Boys."

† One that has already appeared, and that roused the ire of the whole of the clique!

LIFE IN THE WEST.

"EAST AND WEST" is the title of a new American novel, by the author of "Clinton Bradshaw," a writer of vigorous though undisciplined powers, and of a remarkable acquaintance with the more rugged phases of human character. But we shall not attempt a review of the work, since the publisher, whoever he may be, has not favored us with a copy. Our purpose is simply to introduce the following extract—a picture of men and manners aboard an Ohio steamboat:—

The boat had been under weigh for several hours. It was in the afternoon, verging towards night, and Ralph sat upon the guards, unconsciously watching the rippling waters, when his attention was attracted by a person on shore waving a handkerchief at the end of a stick. In a moment more the speed of the boat was slackened, and the person who waved the handkerchief leaped into a canoe, accompanied by a negro, who seized the paddles and made towards the steamboat. The negro did not appear well skilled in the art of propelling the canoe; for he had scarcely made half a dozen strokes with the paddle, when the white man beside him took it from his hands, and commenced paddling it himself, which he did with astonishing speed. In a few minutes he stood on the deck of the steamer. Throwing a dollar in the canoe to the negro, the white man gave its bow a shove with his foot with such violence as to overthrow the negro, who tumbled into the water.

"Can you swim, Pomp?" exclaimed the stranger. "Not a stroke!" he continued, as he observed the negro sink. "Stop steamer!" he cried, throwing his stick on the deck. He was in the act of leaping in, when the negro rose to the top of the water, and adroitly seizing the side of the canoe, succeeded in getting into it.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the stranger, "why, you black fool, can't you keep balance?"—throwing more silver to him—"there's something more for a dram."

"Good by, Master Staylor!" shouted the negro, catching a paddle from the bottom of the canoe, as the one he had floated off.

"Good by, Pomp!" returned Staylor, for it was that individual; "take care of yourself old boy, and thank God you're a nigger, for the devil can't burn you any blacker than you are."

As soon as Ralph caught the eye of Staylor, he knew him, notwithstanding his change of dress, for he appeared in the suit of Kentucky jeans in which we first introduced him to our readers; and instead of the cane which Ralph had seen in his possession at Mr. Davidson's, he stooped to the deck of the steamboat, and picked up the identical dray-pin which he carried in his pocket at Perryville. Ascending the steps from the lower to the boiler deck, Staylor caught Ralph, who stood there, by the hand, with the gripe of a Hercules, exclaiming—

"Mr. Beckford, I am glad to see you—you are welcome to the West. Hurra for the Ohio! I love her like a mother. I suppose you didn't know me at first sight. The fact is, Mr. Beckford, give me, in spite of your dandies, old clothes and old friends—they set easy—we are used to them. That suit you saw me wear, as I never will have but one with me, I gave my brother. He is pretty much my size, but not so active a man as I am. So I made him a present of it for taking care of this one, with my dray-pin, while I was away. I wore it because"—— Staylor was interrupted by the cabin-boy, a little black fellow, who seemed a greenhorn, for he pulled Staylor by the coat, and told him he must go below—meaning among the deck passengers—evidently supposing that Staylor, from his dress, had not taken a cabin passage.

"There," exclaimed Staylor, laughing, "you can see why I wore a better dress when you saw me. I had got among a race who judge people, like this nigger, by appearances. That little rascal," pointing towards the boy, "would be worth five hundred dollars where I came from. I be d—d if I haven't a scheme in my head that is as good as any that Clay, Calhoun, or Webster ever originated"

"What is that?" asked Ralph.

"Why, to get Pennsylvania to sell all her free niggers to the South, and to put the proceeds to internal improvements. Well, as that little black imp thinks I ought to be among the deck passengers, I will just go below and look at them."

"So saying, Staylor left Ralph, and, descending the steps, proceeded aft.—Ralf entered the cabin, and found the boat had a great number of passengers of as motley character as could well be described. There were several dandies among them—lawyers, doctors, merchants, and merchants' clerks going West—some of the latter as collectors of debts for their employers. There sat a solemn looking man reading a bible presented to the steamboat by the Young Men's Bible Society—there an individual looking over his accounts; before the glass stood a fop, cultivating the growth of his whiskers, and around the table a group were seated playing cards. Others were laying listlessly in their berths, or trying to amuse themselves by looking through the windows at the scene, which, from the progress of the boat, was changing continually.

"While Ralph was engaged in observing his fellow-passengers, Staylor re-entered the cabin, and taking off his hat near the door, and in a loud voice, addressing the company:—

"'Strangers, I tell you what it is—just listen to me a moment—there's an old lady down below among those deck people, who is old enough and genteel enough to be the mother of any man in this cabin. She has a son away down the river, below the mouth, and word has come to her that he is very sick. The old lady has raked and scraped all she had in the world to go to him, and there she is below, not able to pay her passage in the cabin. The fact is, strangers, we must raise a collection for her, there's no mistake in it. If there's any man here that can't afford to take from his family, why he has a good excuse, but every other man must give. I go in this much,' and Staylor took two dollars from his pocket, held them up to the eye of all, and then dropping them in his hat, he proceeded to hand it round. 'Strangers,' he continued, 'I once heard a preacher, down the river, preach a charity sermon, and when they came to take up the collection, as he saw none but coppers falling into the hat, he told the man that carried it to hand it to him, and he himself would hand it round. So he did, and when a generous chap put in a bank note, the old fellow called out thankfully,—'thank God for bank notes.' This is as good a cause as that, strangers, remember the widow and the orphan, the sick and the needy. A good many of you are from home; suppose you are taken sick, wouldn't you like your mother or your wife to come to you? Do as you would be done by—so shell out.'

"Staylor's impressive manner and appearance, together with his oddity, had the desired effect, and every one to whom he handed his hat gave liberally.—When Staylor reached the man with the Bible, who had a clerical look, he said:

"'Ah! now we shall get something! If ten good men could save a city, one good man can save a steamboat: so there's no danger from boilers bursting;' and he held his hat to the person, who hesitated, and at last said he would not give any thing.

"Staylor scrutinized his dress, which was of the finest stuff, and asked—

"'Stranger, can't you spare it?'

"'Yes, I can spare it,' replied thd person addressed, 'and would, but I don't know that the woman is a worthy object.'

"'Then, stranger, come below with me and see for yourself.'

"'I cannot now,' replied the stranger, casting his eye on the Bible, as if he did not wish to be interrupted, 'I am engaged.'

"'Stranger, do you preach the gospel?' inquired Staylor.

"'Yes, I have preached, and do preach.'

"'You do, hey; well, if that's a Bible you have in your hand, I suppose you haven't come to the place yet concerning the good Samaritan and the High Priest. Read on. Come, strangers, shell out.' Staylor went the rounds of the boat, and raised a considerable sum of money, with which he paid the captain for a cabin passage for the old lady—making him take much less than the usual charge: for Staylor remarked to him that he must give in that way. After the old lady's passage was paid there were fifteen dollars over, which Staylor counted out on the table, and said—

"'Strangers, if you say so, we'll give this overplus to the old lady.'

"'Agreed! agreed!' they all called out: and Staylor went below—assisted the old lady, who was a very respectable looking woman, through the gentleman's cabin into the ladies' apartment, and coming out he said—

"'Come, one of you in with me, till I give her the money—that you may know all's right. It might have hurt her feelings to give it to her here before every body.'

"When supper was placed on the table, Staylor conducted the old lady from the ladies' cabin, and, handing her to a seat at the table, he took one below her, among the gentlemen, nearly opposite to the individual who called himself a preacher. As soon as the bell rang, Staylor sans ceremonie, thrust his fork into a cold roast pig and began to carve it. The preacher looked at him sternly, and stretching out his hands over the table said, 'Wait till I ask a blessing.'

"Staylor laid down his knife and fork, folded his arms deliberately, and eyed the preacher from head to foot with a look of such withering scorn and contempt that he arrested the attention of all at table, while the preacher sank and quailed beneath it. 'Stranger,' at last said Staylor, in a tone correspondent with his look, 'you need give yourself no trouble, for, by God, your soul's of no account!'

"The man could not stand the rebuke; he took a seat impulsively: called for tea and coffee in the same breath—glanced round the table, and hastily rising from his chair, left the cabin.

"When the supper was over, Staylor followed Ralph out on to the guards, and said—

"Mr. Beckford, I know all about that preaching chap, though he don't know me. I have as much respect for the cloth sir, as any other man; its such rascals as he that brings disgrace on it. He was once a lawyer—and couldn't get on at it; he then turned merchant—failed with pocket full and paid nobody; got cheated by a keener rogue than himself—and turned preacher, to live by the Bible, but not according to it."'

The Baltimore Gazette of Monday evening says:—"A gentleman with a glass eye was about to exercise the right of suffrage this morning, when he was accosted by a political opponent, with, 'I say mister, what are you doing here? you can't vote, you're not *natural-eyed*.' The joke was taken in good part, and created general merriment.

A SKETCH OF A MARRIED BOAR HUNTER.

Any one who has ever seen Valentine —— ride across a country will never forget him; a better, a keener sportsman never breathed; I fancy I can still see him dashing at the "grey and slashing boar," the admiration of his fellow hunters, and the chosen protege of old Duttoo. His convivial talents, too, were not to be overlooked—a merry laugh, a good voice, entitled him to the enviable distinction of being called a good fellow by all who knew him. His ardor in the field was not to be exceeded, he was ever the first in his saddle, and the last to quit it; he minded not the starting of a rib, or the fracture of a collar-bone; and "spills" and "falls" were nothing to him. But, alas! he at last got one he could not recover;—to make a long story short, he fell in love. As soon as this devil had taken possession of him, a serious change was observed in our friend's manner and habits; he was convicted on the most satisfactory authority, of having purchased and taken into wear, a pair of braces; and was detected (with what sorrow do I relate it!) drinking tea, at six in the evening.

The last mentioned atrocity called down upon him the just indignation of all his friends, and he was strongly remonstrated with on his conduct by several members of the hunt, deputed for that purpose; to our horror, however, he justified his proceedings, and talked of "domestic felicity!"

In a short time afterwards, the departure of Valentine and his blooming bride was duly announced in the papers, as going to some place or other to pass the honeymoon. As married men generally manage to pick up a portion of the "loaves aud fishes" of this world, our friend was inducted into an appointment of considerable value, and did not return to the station, where he had once been the sportsman's model, and the grey boar's terror. We corresponded pretty regularly at first, together; my letters generally touching on the noble sport of hog hunting, and his on the comfortable consolations of a married life; these expressions, however, in a few months became much colder, and he ceased in about half a year, even to write to me; I had a shrewd guess as to the reason, and determined to pay my martyred friend a visit the first opportunity I had. A long period, intervened, however, before I could put this into execution, and it was after a lapse of three years, whilst passing through the district he resided in, that I started to see him. On my arrival I was warmly received by my friend; but, oh! how changed was he to what I last saw him; his full, ruddy cheeks were sunk in; the eye, that of yore beamed with merriment, now shot a melancholy glance (like a sheepstealer's, going to execution) over his emaciated and sallow jaws; the strong and bony hand that was wont to compress one's fingers like a vice, was now as soft and flabby as a lump of dough; and the legs, which once appeared part of the saddle, were now "sorry sticks" indeed. I was so much astonished and grieved at his appearance that I could merely mutter something about "happiness of seeing him again," &c. &c., as he led me into the house, where I was introduced to the mistress of the mansion and three squalling children; one of them, (who rejoiced in the name of Tommy,) I was particularly desired to observe, as his mother thought him very like the late Lord Byron; I was moreover compelled to declare that the booby's nose and eyes were just like papa's. Being no "Peacock," I was somewhat at a loss to keep up the conversation, (as Valentine kept a most profound silence, never attempting to open his lips save when ordered to do something by his helpmate); and I fancy the lady took me for little better than a "beast of the field," when I incautiously acknowledged that I had never read a novel on sentiment. In this manner the day passed, till, to my great relief, dinner was announced, the children shouting, were forcibly removed, and incarcerated in their respective places, and we adjourned to the dining-room. To my infinite surprise, "the man of many bottles" had cut the connection, and only drank plain water after dinner; and when I had discussed a bottle of claret, I proposed the propriety of having a look at the stud, and accordingly out we went. The first object that struck me on entering the stable was his old hunter, now condemned (as he informed me) to drag a nondescript "shay." I stopped for an instant to caress "mine old acquaintance," and when so employed, remarked a spear stained with blood in the corner of the stall. I turned to my friend, and said, "So, Valentine, you have not altogether forgot good old times, I see?" Would to Heaven I had never made the observation, for it waked the thoughts of "other days;" his color came and went alternately; he with difficulty stammered out, "'tis the blood of the boar we killed together, on the banks of the Seine;" and then the feelings he had been so long laboring to suppress entirely overcame him, and he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed. I then turned to my friend, who by this time had somewhat regained his composure, (and having ordered my horse to be got ready,) took his arm and walked away; he spoke not for some minutes, when he suddenly stopped and said:—

"You see, Walter, the case I am in; for the last three years have I been the most miserable devil on the face of the earth. I had not been married six months, when I discovered I was never intended for a married man, and that the "boar, the mighty boar," still held the uppermost place in my heart; all that I have had to console me is the recollection of former days, counterbalanced at the same time, by the reflection, that had I taken the advice given me when I was one of you, I might still have been happy, and not the wretched outcast I now am. Should you ever feel inclined to take the same step, remember me,—I would sooner have the feelings I had on the hill-side, when a jolly cadet, with one horse, a sharp spear, and a light heart, than be a major-general on full staff pay, and married to the Queen of Sheba; but here comes Master Tommy to tell me his mother wants me. God bless you, old fellow, and when you next come within poking distance of the 'Boar of the sounder,' with six tip-top sawyers behind you,—

'Oh! think then of him, who if wishes held sway,
Would have rode by your side on that fortunate day.'"

As Valentine said this, the voice of little Tommy became distinctly audible, singing out, "Mamma, papa want," and grasping my hand frequently, which pressure was as warmly returned, Valentine hurried off. I leaped instanter on my horse, and rode out of the compound as if the "devil was after me." I felt a choking sensation in my throat, as I thought of the broken-hearted hunter; but it was not till I had "gruelled" my beast to a stand still, by a five mile split across country, then throwing the reins on his neck, I opened my mouth, and lifting up my hands, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Well, if I do marry I will; but if I do—I'm d——d!"

London Sportsman.

THE MAST HEAD—ARTICLES OF WAR.

What are you doing here, sir?" cried Mr. Small-sole to our hero. "Nothing at all, sir," replied Jack. "Then I'll give you something to do. sir. Go up to the mast-head and wait till I call you down. Come sir, I'll show you the way," continued the master, walking aft. Jack followed until they were on the quarter deck. "Now, sir, up to the main top gallant mast-head; perch yourself upon the cross-trees—up with you."—"What am I to go up there for, sir?" inquired Jack. "For punishment, sir?" replied the master. "What have I done, sir?" "No reply, sir, up with you." "If you please, sir," replied Jack, "I should wish to argue this point a little." "Argue the point," roared Mr. Small-sole—"By Jove, I'll teach you to argue the point—away with you, sir." "If you please, sir," continued Jack, "the captain told me that the articles of war were the rules and regulations by which every one in the service has to be guided. Now, sir," said Jack, "I have read them over till I know them by heart, and there is not one word of mast-heading in the whole of them." Here Jack took the articles out of his pocket and unfolded them.—"Will you go to the mast-head, sir, or will you not?" said Mr. Small-sole. "Will you show me the mast head, in the articles of war, sir," replied Jack; "here they are." "I tell you, sir, to go to the mast-head; if not I'll be d———d if I don't hoist you up in a bread bag." "There's nothing about bread bags in the articles of war," replied Jack; "but I'll tell you what there is, sir," and commenced reading, "all flag officers and all persons in or belonging to his Majesty's ships or vessels of war, being guilty of profane oaths, execrations, drunkenness, uncleanness, or other scandalous actions in derogation of God's honor and corruption of good manners, shall incur such punishment as"—"Damnation!" cried the master, who was mad with rage, hearing that the whole ship's company were laughing. "No, sir, not damnation," replied Jack, "that's when he's tried above; but according to the nature and degree of the offence." "Will you go to the mast-head, sir, or will you not." "If you please," replied Jack, "I'd rather not." "Then sir, consider yourself under an arrest. I'll try you by a court-martial. Go down below, sir." "With the greatest of pleasure, sir," replied Jack, "that's all right according to the articles of war, which are to guide us all." Jack folded up his articles of war, put them into his pocket, and went down into the berth. (The captain quietly explains the matter to the juvenile theorist, and ends by requiring obedience.) "Certainly, sir," replied Jack. Now that I am aware of your wishes." "You will oblige me, Mr. Easy, by going on the quarter deck, and wait there till I come up." Jack made his best bow and exit.—"Old Joliffe told me that I should have to go," said Jack to himself, "and he was right so far; but hang me if I hadn't the best of the argument, and that's all I care about." Captain Wilson sent for the master and reprimanded him for his oppression, as it was evident that there was no grounds for punishment, and he forbade him ever to mast-head another midshipman, but to report his conduct to the first lieutenant or himself. He then proceeded to the quarter deck, and calling for Mr. Easy, gave him what appeared to be a very severe reprimand, which Jack looked upon very quietly, because it was all zeal on the captain's part to give it, and all zeal on his own to take it. Our hero was then ordered to the mast-head. Jack took off his hat, and took three or four steps in obedience to the order—and then returned and made his best bow, inquired of Captain Wilson whether he wished him to go to the fore or main-top mast head. "To the main, Mr. Easy," replied the Captain biting his lips.—Jack ascended three spokes of the Jacob's ladder, when he again stopped and took of his hat. "I beg your pardon, Capt. Wilson, you have not informed me whether it is your wish that I should go to the top or the top-gallant cross-trees?"—"to the top-gallant cross-trees, Mr. Easy," replied the Captain. Jack ascended, taking it very easy; he stopped at the main-top for breath—at the main-top mast head, to look about him; and at last gained the spot agreed upon, when he seated himself, and taking out the articles of war commenced them again to ascertain whether he could not have strengthened his arguments.

Captain Marryatt's "Mr. Midshipman Easy."

Startling Fact.—The bursting of a barrel of beer.

AWKWARD ADVENTURE.

I had just reached the colonel's side, and was crossing the field at the top of my speed, when a shot struck me on the left hip, and with the shock, my heels flew up into the air, at the same time that the charging regiment passed over me, and I was left extended on my back in the middle of the plain. I rose on my feet, but fell down as if pinned to the earth by a tent-peg. I looked at the wound, and saw, a neat round hole on the seam of my trowsers, from which a few drops of blood were slowly trickling out. The field was bare, and not a soul was in sight except the white-headed Carlists, as they rose to fire over the parapet, while the splashes of mud that sprinkled over my face, told of the vollies that fell around. I gave a roll towards the breast work I had quitted, and saw my sword, which had flown out of my hand with the violence of the shock, lying at some distance. With difficulty I crawled back to the spot, and had just gained possession of the hilt, when a second ball struck my right hand, and, passing through the fleshy part of the thumb, lodged next to the skin on the other side.—The pain was not acute; it felt like a benumbing shock of electricity. A Spanish serjeant passed over my body towards some shelter; I hailed him in Spanish, *Par amor de Dios*, to raise me on my legs; but, leaping over the parapet, he left me to my fate. It was now evident that there was nothing to be hoped for from others, and, with a sort of feeling of uncertainty like that of a man hanging over a precipice by a single thread, I commenced rolling towards the breast work, on which I lifted myself with considerable difficulty, and, swinging my legs over the top, tumbled in the muddy lane below. I was aware of sticking fast in the mud, and, making a plunge across the path, seated myself on the causeway on the other side, where, being under cover, I paused for a moment to rest, and consider what was next to be done. The whole extent of the breast work appeared to be deserted, the troops having left it to attack the next line, and a couple of dead bodies, drenched in blood, were the only human forms that met my sight.—The house, which had so often been taken and retaken, was about fifty yards on my left, and to it I directed my eyes in hope of succor, when, a rustling among the bushes in the neighborhood attracted my attention, and a blue-capped head was thrust around the corner of the house, eyeing me intently. Presently another was poked through one of the windows, reconnoitring the ground, and immediately the two Carlists fixed bayonets and advanced cautiously, with the purpose of running me through. It was a fortunate circumstance that the two dead bodies were lying near them, for they paused a little while to search their pockets, thereby giving me time to resume my rotatory motion down the hill in the direction of the last brigade. A small bank intervened, and down it I plunged, with desperate resolution, falling upon a dying man at the bottom, who groaned heavily as I passed. The idea occurred to me to hide myself under the body, but it was useless as the Carlists had seen me move, and were now in full pursuit. I continued my course, sometimes scrambling on all fours, with the blood gushing from my hand, and was on the point of rising on my knees to make a last effort in defence of my life, when I espied a soldier of the 9th in the distance, whom I waved my sword to come instantly to my rescue. The Carlists on his approach hung back and commenced loading their pieces; the man hesitated whether to stand or run away—it was a critical moment, when most fortunately three of my own company came up, who fixed their bayonets over my body, and dared the Carlists to advance. I turned my head towards the house and saw that my enemies had fled.

Twelve Months in the British Legion.

LONDON POLICE SCENE.

COURT OF REQUESTS, *Kingsgate-Street*, Tuesday.—Mr. Daniel Few was summoned for the sum of 16s 6d. for rent alledged to be due and owing to Peter Thomas, his landlord. Daniel's appearance was most extraordinary; although known to be in possession of considerable property, his garb was that of the most squalid wretchedness, and upon his head he wore a bundle of calico rags knotted together, for the purpose of keeping warm a head which time had rendered quite bald. Mr. Peter Thomas having stated his complaint, the following dialogue took place:—

Mr. Commissioner Dubois—Now, Daniel, take those rags off your head.

Daniel—I shan't; I mought as well ax you to take that there wig off! there ain't no lor to compel me, and so I shan't take 'em off.—[Considerable laughter].

Commissioner.—Well, upon my word, I never saw any one so determined to be comfortable at the expense of decency. Do you owe this money Mr. Daniel?

Daniel—No, I doesn't; and as I said to him afore he came to this here Court, Muster Thomas, says I, if you goes for to swear, as how I howes you this ere money, I'll physic yer. Now, as I said afore, if so be as you'll swear him, I'll put you up to summut as you knows nothing about. I've seen a good deal in my time, and—

Commissioner—Do hold your tongue sir, and hand me your rent book.

Daniel (with a knowing wink).—Wide, oh! in regard of that: I sharn't hand up no rent book, not till sich time as Peter Thomas swears I owes him 16s. 6d. You ain't got no ord'nary feller to deal with, and this ere concern just puts me in mind of what had happened jest this time nine years. A feller summoned me to this ere very place for—

Commissioner—Silence, Sir! Pray be quiet, and hand up your rent book.—I shall not allow you to entrap the plaintiff into a false oath. Will you hand up your rent book?

Daniel—there now! you just remind me of a feller as I heard when I was a boy—a poor hinnocent man was—

Commissioner—Order, Sir—order!—If you don't keep to the point, I'll dismiss the case. Keep to the point, Sir.

Daniel—That's the werry thing as I likes, and I often says—'Sarah,' when she's pitching me a long yarn—'Sarah,' says I, whenever you goes for to tell me—

Commissioner—For Heaven's sake, keep that man quiet; Now, Daniel, if you do not think proper to produce your rent book, I shall make you pay the whole amount sued for. On this intimation Daniel handed up the rent book; from which it appeared that his landlord had made an overcharge of 9 shillings.

On being asked how he would pay the balance, 7s. 6d., Daniel pulled out a handful of sovereigns and paid it forthwith. Then, turning to the Commissioner with a patronizing air, he delivered himself as follow.—'You see, Mister Sir, that there are three sorts of people wot owes money. In the first place there's the Tory; he says he shan't pay—slap. Then there's the Vig, he *promosers* to pay. Then there's the hout and hout Radical, he says '*Vy I did pay.*' [Considerable laughter]. Now, my lord, I don't belong to none on 'em, and so I wishes you a very good mawning.'

INDIAN WILD FOWL SHOOTING, &c.

The method adopted by Indians to obtain the means of subsistence, is applicable to all the Indians from the Lakes to the Mississippi river, beyond which, westward, it does not extend, as they know little on the Missouri of the use of any but the *skin* canoe, and that only for descending and crossing that rapid stream; and as the game of the country is abundant, and easily taken, they are not driven to any other expedient for subsistence. At the north, the principal food afforded by the country is obtained from and on the streams, and lakes or ponds; the canoe, therefore, and the skill to work it, become of the utmost importance to all who inhabit the country. Fish, fowls, and wild rice seemed placed there by nature for the use of that portion of the human family whose lot has been cast there; how long since the adaptation of the canoe to the securing the necessaries of their subsistence, I know not, but presume, as their necessity was the cause of the mode, so it must have been in use since the time of their location in the country.

An Indian family goes forth in a canoe with gun and fishing gig, and the implements for gathering the rice. The head of the family sits in the bow with his gun and gig, the *old* lady in the stern with the paddle, and two (or one as the case may be), squaws near midships, with sticks, two each, shaped something like wooden swords, and having left the shore, or arrived at the scene of operations, the labors commence. The canoe is paddled slowly along through the wild rice, which the two girls, by means of the sticks in their outside hands, bend over the canoe and strike off the rice with the sticks in their other hands, all this as the canoe moves on; at the same time the Indian shoots what game he can, or rather chooses, so plenty are the geese, ducks, and brants, continually rising and swimming before him. If he discovers the wake of a large fish, the squaws are directed to suspend their labors in collecting the rice, and the canoe very cautiously follows the direction of him at the bow until he strikes the fish or gives up the chase. The spring, summer, and fall are principally spent in this way, and it often happens that these occupations still go on with the same success as they pursue their route on some journey, from the head of Fox river, for instance, to Green Bay, and even to the *Sault de St. Marie*, though the rice gathering, in the latter event, would be necessarily abandoned after leaving the Fox river and entering into the lake. The wild rice here mentioned grows up above the water from three to five feet, depending somewhat on the depth of the water, and, when gathered and browned by the fire, forms an excellent substitute for the cultivated rice in soups, and other ways of cooking. It also forms a favorite ingredient in all the most esteemed dishes among the northern Indians. It is kept for winter consumption, and, indeed, with dried fish, is almost the only article of food, corn excepted, among some of the tribes. The canoe, with a few mats for encamping purposes, a square axe, two flags, one American and one English, a gun, fishing gig, and empty bottle, (to be filled by any white man passing along,) the rice sticks, and an iron pot, constitutes the wealth of a northern Indian, and with it, furnished as above, he is, to all intents and purposes connected with his habits, independent, and generally impudent, unless his fears make him servile and cringing.

London Sportsman.

WASHINGTON.

Was he not in war
Unrivalled—sage in council—mild in soul—
And humble as the lowliest? Is he not
His country's saviour, and his people's sire,
Firm in the noblest of earth's thousand thrones—
The hearts and judgments of his fellow men?

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 10, 1836.

NATIONAL RACE, UNION COURSE, 1836.

Presidential Purse of $100,000, given by the People, for all American-bred horses, with $24,000 added by the Proprietors, to go to the second horse. Four miles out. Entries to carry weight for age. Constitutional rules to govern.

Entries:—

Martin Van Buren's *Kinderhook*	1
Richard M. Johnson's *Tecumseh*	0
Francis Granger's *Anti-Mason*	0
Wm. Henry Harrison's *Tippecanoe*	4
Hugh L. White's *Tennesseean*	5
Daniel Webster's *Federalist*	6
Wm. C. Rives' *Plenipotentiary*	7
Henry Clay's *American System*	dr.
John C. Calhoun's *Nullifier*	dr.

Of the eight that started, Tecumseh, Anti-Mason, and Plenipo' were entered for the second purse only, the most sanguine of their backers not anticipating their taking the first.

THE HORSES. Previous to the start, *Kinderhook* was the favorite against the field. He is a New York-bred horse, and for many years was distinguished as a winner at short distances, though addicted to bolting and running against the fence. He was entered under the name of *Magician*, for a National purse some four years since, but went amiss, and would have been withdrawn from the turf, had not the Government bought and placed him under the charge of OLD HICKORY, who has been so successful in *training*, as to have acquired the sobriquet of "General." Among the cocktails of the North, Kinderhook was a perfect leviathan, and under Old Hickory's training, even in Missouri, and the extreme South and West, the reputation of his trainer gave him a decided call. Old Hickory's celebrity is based upon solid grounds, though he derives much of it from the circumstance of having distanced a fine field of imported English nags at New Orleans, with *Militia*, that had been in training but a few weeks. Kinderhook is a game looking nag to the eye, though having lost his forelock, and being of small size, he has more than once been started as a "singed cat."

Tippecanoe is a Virginia-bred horse, and broke down in training some years since, previous to which he had never been beaten. His campaigns at the West gave him the call as second favorite for the principal purse, though it was evident his friends was long doubtful whether he was the best horse in the same stable for this race. However, a few private trials decided them to start him, and he was immediately put in training by a clique, well known in sporting circles as "the Opposition." Tippecanoe is by Whig, dam by Constitution, of a grey color, and fine action. His stock is likely to "do the State some service."

Tennesseean has a great reputation at home as an honest running nag, that can be depended upon, though celebrated for neither speed or bottom to an eminent degree. He was entered under the expectation that some of his competitors might go amiss. The odds against him for the race was China to a China orange; but some of his backers were staunch, after it was evident he could not go the pace.

Federalist, by Hamilton's Old Federalist, dam by Hartford Convention, though of undoubted bottom, comes of a stock so unfashionable of late, as to have few backers. He was in hands in which no confidence was placed by the public, having frequently been nominated in sweepstakes, but withdrawn on the day of the race, and some other nag in the same stable named in his place. Under any other circumstances he would have been a favorite. He is a strong outsider, but in a race some years since with Nullifier and American System, he broke down.

The Kentucky champion, *American System*, is one of the best two or three mile horses in the country, but has never been able to go four miles. He was raised in the Old Dominion, so famous for "good ones," but was unfortunately bolted and thrown his rider when contending against a nag called *Military Chieftain* some years since on the National course, his backers have lost confidence in him. When he is right, however, he can cut out the work for the fleetest or stoutest. It was deemed advisable to withdraw him just before the start, in hopes that he may come again at the next meeting in 1840.

Nullifier is a splendid animal, of fine action and appearance, and altogether a good one. He was by Jefferson, the sire of Independence, out of Nullification's dam. He was of uncommon promise, when he first came upon the turf, but such was his high spirit and impetuosity, those certain proofs of the purity of his blood, that he unfortunately broke down in training, and afterwards received a kick from *Old Roman* that almost disabled him. Of course he has been withdrawn, to the great disappointment of his friends.

Of the three that started for the 2d purse little need be said. *Tecumseh* was the favorite of the lot and his performance has demonstrated the judgment of the knowing ones. He having run a dead heat with *Anti-Mason*, the matter has been left to the decision of the Club. Tecumseh's pedigree we do not find in the Racing Calendar, but it is notorious that in the West he beat the Indian ponies to sticks. Perhaps his greatest exploit was the carrying of the Sunday Mail Report, when he beat Sanctity, Intolerance, and Bigotry, three noted Yankee horses,—an exploit not excelled by Mr. Osbaldistone, with *Tranby* or *Tom Thumb.*

Anti-Mason, who ran second to Tecumseh, has generally placed himself well, though he has never before been entered for a four mile race. A few years since he ran *Marcy*, (by Democrat, dam by St. Tammany, one of the best mile horses on the turf), up to a head, on the New-York Course. He is a beautiful horse in shape and size, and had Hickory trained him, there is no doubt he would have given a better account of himself.

Plenipo comes of a good stock, but saw so much hard service when he was running under the name of *French Minister*, that the "go along" was pretty much taken out of him. His backers, however, were sanguine to the last. Several attempts were made to induce "*Glory*," Mr. Hickory's best rider to mount him, but Hickory swore "by the Eternal" he'd see him hanged first, and then be wouldn't.

THE RACE.—*Kinderhook* had the track, and was under the direction of Old Hickory, his trainer, while Federalist was placed by Bosting on the outer edge to make a straight run for the lead. After the Jockies were up there was so much confusion, and disputing about the positions of the entries among their friends, that several false starts were the result. We had almost forgotten to state that Gen. JACKSON is President of the Club, and officiated on the present occasion.—The Judges of the Supreme Court were appointed timers, and FRANCIS P. BLAIR, Esq., of the Globe, Secretary *pro tem*. The crowd was immense, and so much interest has been manifested since the day *Washington* challenged the world, and walked over the Course without a competitor.

At length the signal was given, and they were off, Kinderhook leading, Tecumseh well up, and Tippecanoe trailing behind ready for a brush. Tennesseean was badly rode, and the false starts so worried him that he sulked, and when his rider touched his glossy flank with the spur, it was with great difficulty he could be kept in the track. Plenipo after the *first* mile was taken in hand, and Federalist and Anti-Mason took up the running. The pace improved on the second mile, when Federalist declined, and Tippecanoe made play with Kinderhook for the lead, while in their rear, running a dead lock, were Anti-Mason and Tecumseh. Both of them were jockied in masterly style. Anti-Mason, with Morgan on his back is an ugly customer in any field. Tecumseh was bestrode by a half-breed, who having been in Kinderhook's stable, had picked up from Hickory, his trainer, a few hints that were of essential service on the present occasion. On the last quarter of the second mile the tailing commenced. Tennesseean first "shut up" and fell back upon Federalist. Plenipo soon got tired of the pace, although it is said that "Old Virginny never tires," and followed suit by retiring into the ruck, leaving Kinderhook and Tippecanoe first and second, and Tecumseh and Anti-Mason a good third and fourth. We wonder at the conceit of their owners in bringing the former three into the field; they must have been egregiously deceived in their private trials, otherwise their nags are cocktails.

It soon became evident that on the *North* side of the track Kinderhook could outbrush the field, and the same might be said of the long straight sweep from *North* to *South*. In the heavy part of the track on the *West* side, Tippecanoe's strength and bottom told fearfully. The shouts sent up by the multitude, "fresh from the people," were deafening, as their several favorites took the lead. The pace had gradually improved, until it was too good to last. Kinderhook's backers began, on the 3d mile, to increase the odds on him, while the issue of the contest between Tecumseh and Antimason was so doubtful, that no great sums were laid out on them. As they came down the track on the West side, Tippecanoe went up gallantly, and challenged Kinderhook, and locked him for several hundred yards, when K.'s trainer shouted to his rider to "take the lead and keep it!" After a desperate struggle, Tippecanoe fell back, his rider holding him well together to recover his wind for a final brush on the last quarter of the 4th mile. Morgan, on Anti-Mason, was intending to play the same game, but when he took his horse in hand, the game chicken on Tecumseh pulled to him, still keeping the inside of the track and wide awake for a brush. At this point, while the field were going comparatively at their ease, Tennesseean, like another "Monsieur Tonson, came again," as did Plenipo, but after a few jumps, which revived hopes in their backers only to disappoint them, the two were done, Tecumseh and Anti-Mason both going at Plenipo, and giving him the *coup de grace*, while Tennesseean had to contend with the whole field. He soon got in a crowd, and they *do say* there was some foul riding, but where, or by whom, deponent saith not. At any rate he was so effectually done up, that nothing but good management brought him within the distance flag.

Throughout the last mile the interest was most intense, and the running severer than ever. Tippecanoe, who had been going in hand, now let himself out, and his stride was tremendous. Kinderhook's rider, the sly fox, was up to trap, and the bit of blood under him was going steadily, ready to be called upon at the critical moment. Tippecanoe led again down the West side, with Tecumseh and Anti-Mason running a dead lock, with the knees of their jockies jostling each other. The inside stakes between the two were immense, and though neither was booked for the main purse, the contest between them was hardly less exciting than that between Kinderhook and Tippecanoe. They came in a cluster round the sweep upon the straight run home, and now "the de'il take the hindmost." "Tippecanoe's ahead," was the cry, as they shot round the turn, but here the rider of Kinderhook called upon his horse, who, true as steel, at once "justified his training." "There goes Kinderhook!" "Hurrah for the Magician!" "Don't tell me a Dutchman ever wanted *bottom!*" "Where's old Tip?" "There's the old veteran—Tip's got him too,—see that, see that! Old Tip-your-canoe-over for ever!" "Go it Kinderhook!" "Only see Tecumseh!—there's foot and bottom for ye!" "Put the screws to him, Morgan." "Give him the steel up to the gaffs!" They came within the gate at a flight of speed, when Kinderhook shied at a *bank*; and Tippecanoe, in endeavoring to take his place, was pulled up so sharply in crossing, as to lose his stride, and never recovered it, while Kinderhook maintained his to the end, by dint of whip and spur, coming in ahead by a length or more. Tecumseh and Anti-Mason, after a brush, unparalleled for severity and continuance, came in neck and neck, running a dead heat. Kinderhook was immediately declared the winner, while the Judges have taken time to decide whether Tecumseh or Anti-Mason is entitled to the second purse. Their decision will be declared at Washington on or before the 4th of March next. Thus ended the thirteenth National Jockey Club Meeting on the Union Course.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

Col. JAMES J. PITTMAN, of Marianna, Florida, has sold one half of *American Citizen* (by Marion, dam by Harwood,) to Messrs. STARKE and KENAN, for $1500.

MAURICE E. BOYLES, Esq., of St. Francisville, La., has bought one half of *Hard Heart*, with his engagement with *Antelope*, from Mr. JOHN G. PERRY, for $2000. The other half belongs to Col. Vance Johnston, of Mobile. Col. J. won every day at the late Mobile races, and will be soon be termed "the Napoleon of the South," in contradistinction to his namesake of Virginia, "the Napoleon of the Turf." The match for $3000 a-side, 4 mile heats, between Hard Heart and Antelope, comes off over the Pharsalia Course, Natchez, on the 29th of Jan. next. Hard Heart is by Mercury, and as a mile horse, was deemed invincible throughout the South West for several years.

"*Ione*, by Pacific, who lately run at Mobile, is half sister to *Country Maid*," writes a correspondent, since the opposite side of this paper was printed. Country Maid, we recollect, was foaled in 1829: she is out of Duke W. Sumner's Matilda, (by Young Florizel, called in Tenn. Grey-tail, her dam by Imp. Jonah,) by Pacific. If *Ione* is out of Matilda, by Pacific, as has been stated, she is, of course, *own* sister to Country Maid.

The sorrel horse, 4 yrs. old, by Eclipse, dam by Alfred, run by Mr. David Tomes at Camden, has been purchased by ROBT. L. STEVENS, Esq. of this city.

JOSEPH H. VAN MATER, Esq. of Colt's Neck, N. J., has sold his ch. f. *Lady Van Buren*, (by Jackson, dam by Expedition,) to JAMES S. GARRISON, Esq., of Norfolk, Va., for something over $1500, we hear.

Who wants a fine imported horse, of fashionable blood, for the turf or breeding stud? See advertisement of *Kilton* on last page.

Two or three stables on Long Island, having become overstocked, great bargains may be had by turfmen desirous of strengthening their stables. Several brood mares of the choicest blood, at prices varying from $1000 to $5000, may be had, and a great number of promising young things.

We hear that Mr. VAN MATER has refused $6000 for his two Valentine colts, *African* and *Bonny Black*. Both were winners at the last meeting on the Union Course.

Mr. JOHN G. PERRY, of St. Francisville, La., complains that we never have published his "few statements of facts," relative to his racing career at Natchez. The "*few statements*" alluded to would fill three or four pages of this paper in fine type.

A trotting Course is fitting up at Cambridge Port, Mass.; we have a capital letter on the subject, and shall tell all about it next week.

Mr. HENRY PERRITT, the celebrated pedestrian, was the individual killed last week by the upsetting of a stage between Cheraw and Camden, S. C., says the Baltimore Daily Transcript, instead of Wm. P. Farrand, Esq. one of the Electors of the State, as has been represented.

MINGO and POST BOY.—The trial of speed which was to have been made between these two champions of the turf, on the 10th ult., over the Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., did not take place. Post Boy failed to meet Mingo, and pranked up the forfeit. Kentucky Visiter.

Did he? The Visiter may have heard so, but we have not, and we are sorry to say.

"*A Day with the Cork Unions.*"—Through some mistake at the printing office, the first chapter only of this graphic sketch, from the London Sporting Magazine, was given last week. In this day's impression it will be found entire, as we never append to an article those hateful words, "*To be Continued.*"

The Louisville City Gazette thus describes *Rodolph*, the champion of the West, after his race with *Angora*:—

But the way he walked was a caution. He scarcely seemed to touch the ground, but spurned it with his light hoof, gracefully and courtly enough for the Brussels or Turkey carpet of the President's levee rooms. Men gathered around in wonder. So beautiful a specimen of nature's art has rarely met their eyes. His bright glossy bay sides glancing in the sun's rays, like the polished plates of an armed war-barb; and his proud, elastic step betokened blood and confidence. He seemed full of spirit and determination; and if he is not the victor in the coming contest, appearances are most treacherous. It was Rodolph! and if any of our citizens who do not often visit the race-field, desire to see the most splendid specimen of the Horse Kentucky has produced, let them visit Mr. Burbridge's stable. It must be confessed, that yesterday he was a much greater "*lion*" than the President.

DIVISION OF THE PURSES.

So far as we have learned, Mr. STEVENS' proposition is quite popular. The only objection is to the adoption of a rule by which the winner of the 1st heat is made best in the race, if he saves his distance in the subsequent heat or heats. We have received the annexed letter from "J. R. T." Esq.:—

PRINCETON, N. J., Dec. 3, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,—I perceive by your paper of this day, that Mr. Stevens had anticipated me in calling public attention to the "Division of purses."

My only object was to set people to thinking on the subject, and to do something to advance the interests and reputation of the Turf. Mr. Stevens, in his communication, appears to me to have placed the subject of his letter on an impregnable footing, and has left nothing for any one to add. You have certainly done wisely in suppressing my article, and I return you my sincere thanks for so doing. Very respectfully yours, J. R. T.

BULLETIN FROM AUGUSTA.

We have advices from our special correspondent by the *Express Mail* up to Sunday last. The decision of the match between *Hickory John* and *Miss Medley* cannot reach this city until to-day at 2½ o'clock, P. M. Our correspondent writes that Hickory John was the favorite 2 to 1 on Saturday, Miss Medley having "coughed" a few evenings before. She was all right however when he wrote, and the contest very doubtful. We thought of hedging our bet of turnips to a leg of mutton, but have concluded, with Sir Lucius O'Trigger, that "it is a mighty pretty *bet* as it stands."

A match is offered on *Hickory John* and *Miss Medley* of $5000, ft. $2000, that the winner of the match between them, can on any date subsequent to it, at 24 hours notice, run four mile heats in the average time of 7:52 each heat!

Col. CROWELL has arrived in Augusta. In relation to *Rodolph's* challenge, our correspondent says Col. C. does not consider himself at liberty to accept of any banter until after the 1st of Jan. next, the time allowed for the acceptance of *John Bascomb's* challenge against the world. However, after that time Bascomb will meet Rodolph or any other horse, and bet him $25,000 to $20,000 if he will run the match at Augusta, or give $1000 to any horse that will meet him over any half way track, for $20,000 a side, four mile heats. Our correspondent adds that "Bascomb is in such admirable condition that I believe he will meet Rodolph if he has to go all the way to Kentucky!"

SPLENDID SWEEPSTAKES AND MATCHES.

If any proof was required to demonstrate the fact that the Turfmen and Breeders of the North are engaged heart and soul in the promotion of the breed of horses, and the permanency among us of the manly sports of the turf, we should refer with confidence to the advertisement on our last page of Mr. BOTTS, the Secretary of the Union Course. We had intended ere this to have directed to it the reader's attention, but in the multiplicity of our engagements, the circumstance was overlooked. It will be seen that all the sweepstakes now open will close on the 1st of Jan. 1837. Several of them are very brilliant; two that come off during the Second Spring Meeting of 1837, are particularly so, and we earnestly hope will fill. We refer to those for 3 and 4 yr. olds, sub. $1000, ft. $250. There are several others, in which a subscription of $300 only is required, $100 forfeit, which places it within the means of every breeder to nominate his young stock. If he wins, the amount will probably exceed $1500, and even if he should not, if his nomination makes a good race, its value is quadrupled. A case in point occurs to us.

Mr. JOSEPH H. VAN MATER, (of Colt's Neck, Monmouth Co., New Jersey) named in two Sweepstakes, run at the Second Fall Meeting on the Union Course, two Valentine colts, valued, perhaps, at $800 each, (we hear they were offered for $600 each, *while on their way to the races!*) Both won, and instead of $800 each, they could not be purchased now for less than $1500 or $2000 each, and they won in the two Sweepstakes alluded to, including their own stakes, no less than *Twenty-nine Hundred Dollars!* after deducting $300 for the 2d horse in the last heat. Mr. Van Mater cleared between four and five thousand dollars by merely entering his colts in two small sweepstakes! Is such a sum not worth trying for when money can be loaned at 3 per cent per month on bond and mortgage? If our farmers will but look into this matter a little, and "take the responsibility" of making the experiment of breeding for the Turf, we are confident they will not only find it an agreeable, but a most lucrative source of profit.

It will be seen also, on reference to the same page, that *Sweepstakes* are now open to be run for on several of the most prominent Southern and Western Courses. As the Spirit of the Times finds its way into the hands of almost every turfman and breeder in the country, the advantages it holds out as a medium for advertisements of this kind need no enumeration. The profit accruing to us from their publication is a secondary matter, compared with the gratification we feel, in common with every well wisher of the turf, to see gentlemen of rank and character in society, employing their wealth in the promotion of so praiseworthy an object as the improvement of the Horse—a generous and noble animal, to whom all are indebted for a great portion of their comfort and enjoyment.

GREEN COUNTY (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Our special correspondent writes that the meeting was well attended, and the racing better than usual. Several stables from a distance were in attendance among them, those of Messrs. Vance Johnston, John Crow, N. Davies, Abbott, Varrell, Jewell, Starke, etc. etc. The course is pleasantly situated at Springfield, Green Co., Ala.

FIRST DAY, Nov. 2, 1836.—Purse $300, ent. $20, Three mile heats.

Col. Inge's ch. h. *Hassan*, by Sir William, dam by Pacolet, 6 yrs. 118lbs	1	1
John Crow's gr. h. ——, by Washington, dam by Sir Archie, 5 yrs. 110lbs	2	2

Time, 7:5—6:46.

SECOND DAY.—Purse $200, ent. $20, Two mile heats.

N. Starke's ch. h. *Napoleon*, by Platoff, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs. 100lbs	1	1
D. M. McGhee's ch. h. *Selim*, by Talleyrand, dam not given, 4 yrs. 100lbs	2	2
J. Jewell's ch. c. ——, by Stockholder, out of Grey Goose, (John Bascomb's dam), 4 yrs. 100lbs	3	dis.

Time, 4:20—4:10.

THIRD DAY.—Purse $200, ent $15, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Dr. Wither's gr. f. *Alice Gray*, by Pulaski, dam by Bell-air, 4 yrs. 97lbs	1	1	1
J. Crow's b. c. ——, by Sir Richard, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs. 86lbs	2	2	2
R. Edson's br. h. ——, by Sir William, dam by Oscar, 6 yrs. 118lbs	3	dis.	
D. M. McGhee's ch. c. ——, by Imp. Leviathan, dam not given, 3 yrs. 86lbs	dis.		

Time, 1:59—1:59—2:2.

NEWPORT (Ky.) ASSOCIATION RACES.

The Second Fall Meeting of "the Newport and Covington Association, for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses," commenced on the 1st Nov., and an obliging friend has furnished us with the report subjoined:—

FIRST DAY, Nov. 1, 1836.—*Plate.*—A Silver Pitcher ($65,) for 3 yr. olds; colts 86 lbs.; fillies, 83 lbs. Mile heats.

P. C. Bush's b. f. *Polly Plymouth*, by Sir Charles out of Polly Hopkins, by Virginian	2	1	1
Wm. Moore's b. c. *Adam*, by Whipster, dam by Grand Sultan	1	2	dr.
E. S. Reville's g. c. *Aladdin*, by Trumpator, dam by Arab	3	dis.	

Time, 2—1:59.

Adam was drawn after the second heat, and Polly Plymouth walked round the Course for the Pitcher.

SECOND DAY.—Purse $100. Two mile heats.

Wm. Palmer's b. f. *Antoinette*, 4 yrs., by Star, dam by Walnut	1	1
E. S. Reville's ch. f. *Televia*, 4 yrs., by Contract, dam by Florizel	2	2
T. Scruggs' g. f. *Whopsicopinnico*, 4 yrs., by Parrot's Sir Charles, dam by Consul	3	dis.

Time, 4:2—4:6.

THIRD DAY.—Purse $200. Three mile heats.

P. C. Bush's br. c. *Tom Branch*, 3 yrs., by Star, dam by Sir Charles .... walked over.

FOURTH DAY.—Purse $100. Mile heats, 3 best in 5.

Wm. Palmer's ch. h. *Lighthouse*, 5 yrs., by Cherokee, dam by Quicksilver	2	2	1	1	1
E. S. Reville's s. m. *Fanny Morton*, 5 yrs., by Kosciusko, dam by Diomed	1	1	2	3	2
T. Scruggs' g. f. *Whapsicopinnico*, 4 yrs., by Parrot's Sir Charles, dam by Consul	3	3	3	2	3

Time, 2:2—2—1:58—2:5—2:3.

FIFTH DAY.—For a Silver Cup ($20) for 2 yr. old colts.

E. S. Reville's s. f. *Sally Red*, by Woodpecker .... walked over.

The track is 18 feet over a mile, sandy and heavy. The rules and weights of the Central Course, Baltimore, have been adopted by the Association, viz.: 3 yr. olds, 86 lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged, 124 lbs., with an allowance of 3 lbs. to mares and geldings.

A. PENDLETON, *Secretary.*

Shadow.—A correspondent, who asked for the pedigree of this colt of Mr. Gibbons', is informed that he was foaled in 1834. He was got by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch. When shall we hear again from "*Index?*"

DEATH OF SAMUEL PURDY, Esq. THE RIDER OF ECLIPSE.

"And what matches he won do the Ostlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some hedge ale-house door."

"Take him for all in all we shall not look upon his like again."

We are pained to record the death of Alderman SAMUEL PURDY, Esq. one of our most influential and wealthy citizens. Mr. Purdy was a native of Westchester County, in this State, but removed to this city at an early period of his life. He soon acquired the esteem and confidence of his fellow citizens, by whom he has been repeatedly elected to important offices of honor and trust. His name has long been identified with the interests of the city, and he has been distinguished not less for his public spirit, than for private acts of charity and benevolence. The high character sustained by Mr. Purdy in all the relations of society is a severe reproof to the bigotted fanatics at the North, who "deal out damnation" against the Turf and its accessories, and while those in his former line of life will never think of him without being reminded that "Honesty is the best policy," his example will ever be a strong inducement to those who succeed him, to follow the straight path which led the late Alderman Purdy to wealth, to honor, and the eminent regard of his fellow citizens.

Mr. PURDY's name is identified with the history of the American Turf, and will go down through all time associated with that of ECLIPSE, as "The High Mettled Racer and his Honest Rider." It was in a great degree owing to his admirable skill and jockeyship that *Eclipse* beat *Henry*, in the great match race between the North and the South, in 1823, some particulars of which, at this time, may not be uninteresting.

Eclipse, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel, was foaled May 25, 1814, at Dosoris, Queen's Co., Long Island, and was bred by Gen. Nathaniel Coles. His first race was at Newmarket, L. I., in May, 1818, then in his five year old form, when he beat Black Eyed Susan and Sea Gull, the best three mile horse of the day, with perfect ease, in two heats of three miles. In 1819 he won three four mile races on Long Island, the last one on the 15th Oct., having covered in the Spring, and in 1820 stood for mares at $12,50! He served 87 mares the ensuing season at the same price, without being taken up. In May of 1822, he beat Sir Walter, 4 mile heats, in 7:54—8, and in October, of same year, won another 4 mile race in 7:58, walking through the second heat. Eclipse was sold to C. W. RANST, Esq., on the 15th March, 1819, who, a few days previous to his race in 1822, published the challenge which resulted in the annexed agreement. [The whole correspondence would swell this article to too great a length, we therefore give the facts as briefly as possible.]

"C. W. VAN RANST, of New York, agrees to run his horse *American Eclipse* against *Sir Charles*, owned by JAMES J. HARRISON, of Virginia, four mile heats, over the Washington Course, agreeably to the rules of that Course, on the —— day of November next, for the sum of 10,000 dollars each.

"JAMES J. HARRISON, of Virginia, agrees to run *Sir Charles* against the *American Eclipse*, upon the above conditions.

"It is further agreed between said parties, that the usual number of Judges shall be chosen by them, to consist of respectable gentlemen, each party choosing one, and the person so chosen to choose a third person; that the money shall be deposited wih the Cashier of the Branch Bank at Washington, by the 1st of November next, and in the event of either refusing to comply with this agreement, the party refusing compliance, to forfeit to the other one half of the sum deposited."

In pursuance of the above agreement, a friend of Mr. VAN RANST proceeded to Washington, and on the 1st of November met Mr. HARRISON. The forfeit money, $5000 each, was deposited, and the time for running fixed for the 20th of that month.

November 20th, 1822, at the hour of starting, the horses were brought out, and the riders mounted; but here Mr. HARRISON gave notice that he would pay the forfeit, as his horse had met with an accident, and was unable to run more than one heat; at the same time he proposed to run a single four mile heat, for $1500 each. This was instantly agreed to, and accordingly the horses started Eclipse leading from the score in fine style. At the distance of 100 rods from the winning post, on the last round, Sir Charles broke down, Eclipse at this moment having passed the goal. The first round was run in one minute and fifty-five seconds, and the heat in eight minutes and four seconds. It may be proper to remark, that in this race Sir Charles carried 120lbs., Eclipse 126lbs.

In the evening of the same day, WILLIAM R. JOHNSON, Esq. of Petersburgh, Va. offered to produce a horse, on the last Tuesday in May, 1823, to run four mile heats against Eclipse, over the Union Course on Long Island, agreeably to the rules of that Course, for $20,000 a side, $3000 forfeit. This was agreed to, literally making it "Eclipse against the world!"

On Tuesday, May 27th, 1823, a day that will ever be memorable in the racing annals of America, Col. Johnson, on the part of the South, which had the privilege of naming at the post any horse bred South of the Potomac, named *Henry*, two of the five horses previously selected for the match having broke down in training. They consisted of *John* and *Betsey Richards*, *Flying Childers* and *Washington*. When Col. J. left home John Richards was his favorite; the next choice was Henry or Betsey Richards. Unfortunately in a trial race at the track of the late Bela Badger, Esq., at Bristol, Pa., John Richards met with an accident and was thrown out of training, and Washington also fell amiss.—The two were left at Mr. Badger's, and Col. Johnson arrived at the Union Course about a week previous to the match with the other three. It was not decided by the Southern turfmen that Henry should start until after repeated trials, and his performance demonstrated not only the soundness of their judgment, but that with the exception of Eclipse, no horse in this country before or since, was comparable to him. The four mile distance on the Union Course being at present but 120 yards, it will be seen that the time of Henry's first heat, (7:37) would have DISTANCED *Trifle*, *Bascomb*, or *Post Boy* in the best heat of four miles they ever ran.

Henry was foaled on the 17th June, 1819, and was bred by Mr. Lemuel Long, near Halifax, N. Carolina. He was sired by Sir Archy, his dam by Diomed. It was a rule of the N. Y. Jockey Club at the time, that horses should date their age from the 1st of May; consequently, Henry who was not actually 4 years old until the 17th of June, was obliged on the 27th of May to take up the appropriate weight for a 4 year old, then 108 lbs, while Eclipse, being 9 years old, carried weight for an aged horse, 126 lbs. The Judges appointed were Gen. Ridgeley, of Baltimore, Capt. Cox, of Washington, and John Allen, Esq., of Philadelphia.

The ill-fortune which befel the gallant Virginians by losing their best horse in the onset, seemed to pursue them, for scarcely had they arrived on Long Island, when Col. Johnson, the principal on their part, upon whose management and attention their success greatly depended, was seized with a violent indisposition, which excited the eccentric John Randolph afterwards to remark, that "it was a supper of lobsters, and not Eclipse that beat Henry!" Thus the Southrons deprived of their leader, whose skill and judgment, whether in the way of stable preparation, or generalship in the field, could be supplied by none other, had to face their opponents under circumstances thus far disadvantageous. Notwithstanding these untoward events, they met the coming contest manfully, having full and unimpaired confidence in their two horses, Henry and Betsey Richards, and backed their opinion to the moment of starting, though it was not decided until the hour had nearly arrived which would be selected, they both having been plated, treated alike, and equally in readiness for the contest.

The day was fine; at an early hour the roads radiating from the Course were covered with carriages, horsemen and pedestrians in an unbroken chain until the moment of starting. About about half-past twelve, Henry entered the field, followed by Eclipse, and the rival champions were thus fairly before the public—the principals in the match on each side confident of success. The Northern turfmen had the utmost confidence in the bottom of Eclipse, while the time made by Henry in his trials was such as to induce his backers to believe he could beat the world. The North backed their horse with spirit, but the South indeed "went it with perfect looseness!" The horses, when stripped, displayed in the highest degree the science and exquisite skill of their respective trainers, re-assuring the thousands upon thousands of the fluttering hearts collected on the Course. We are told that the straight stretch in front of the stand, (nearly a mile), was lined with carriages four or five deep, while the whole field was surrounded with "living things." The stands were crowded, and a great number of ladies graced and enlivened the scene with their presence. Every tree and fence in the vicinity groaned with the weight of its load of human beings. Indeed, few people it is said, were left in New-York but those in Bridewell or the Hospitals. Some one tells us that it seemed as if the population of the city had been crammed and tumbled together like crumbs in a table-cloth, and "shook out" on the Course.—Not less than *sixty thousand spectators* were in the field!

We make the following extracts from the letter of "An Old Turfman," published in the Am. Turf Register, for Sept., 1830, and the English Sporting Magazines, as the best account of the race that has come under our notice.

At length the hour appointed arrived, the word was given to saddle, and immediately afterwards to mount. Eclipse was rode by William Crafts, dressed in a crimson jacket and cap, and Sir Henry by a Virginia boy, of the name of John Walden, dressed in a sky blue jacket, with cap of the same color. The custom on the Union Course is to run to the left about, or with the left hand next to the poles; Eclipse, by lot, had the left, or inside station at the start. Sir Henry took his ground about twenty-five feet wide of him, to the right, with the evident intention of making a run in a straight line for the lead. The preconcerted signal was a single tap of the drum. All was now breathless anxiety; the horses came up evenly; the eventful signal was heard, they went off handsomely together; Henry, apparently quickest, made play from the score, obtained the lead, and then took a hard pull. By the time they had gone the first quarter of a mile, which brought them round the first turn, to the commencement of what is termed the back side of the course, which is a straight run, comprising the second quarter of a mile, he was full three lengths ahead; this distance he with little variation maintained, running steadily, with a hard pull, during the first, second, third, and for about three fourths of the fourth round or mile, the pace, all this time, a killing one. It may be proper to note, that the course is nearly an oval, of one mile, with this small variation, that the back and front are straight lines of about a quarter of a mile each. When the horses were going the last round, being myself well mounted, I took my station at the commencement of the stretch or last quarter, where I expected a violent exertion would be made at this last straight run in, when they left the straight part on the back of the course, and entered upon the last turn. Henry was, as heretofore, not less than three lengths in the clear ahead. They had not proceeded more than twenty rods upon the first part of the sweep, when Eclipse made play, and the spur and whip were both applied freely; when they were at the extreme point or centre of the sweep, I observed the right hand of Crafts disengaged from his bridle, making free use of his whip; when they had swept about three fourths of the way round the turn, and had advanced within twenty-five rods of my station, I clearly saw that Crafts was making every exertion with both spur and whip to get Eclipse forward, and scored him sorely, both before and behind the girths; at this moment Eclipse threw his tail into the air, and flirted it up and down, after the manner of a tired horse, or one in distress and great pain; and John Buckley, the jockey, (and present trainer,) who I kept stationed by my side, observed, "Eclipse is done." When they passed me about the commencement of the stretch, seventy to eighty rods from home, the space between them was about sixteen feet, or a full length and a half in the clear. Here the rider of Henry turned his head round and took a view for an instant of his adversary; Walden used neither whip or spur, but maintained a hard and steady pull, under which his horse appeared accustomed to run. Crafts continued to make free use of the whip; his right hand in so doing was necessarily disengaged from the bridle, his arm often raised high in air, his body thrown abroad, and his seat loose and unsteady; not having strength to hold and gather his horse with one hand, and at the same time keep his proper position; in order to acquire a greater purchase, he had thrown his body quite back to the cantle of the saddle, stuck his feet forward by way of bracing himself with the aid of the stirrups, and in this style, he was belaboring his horse, going in the last quarter. Buckley exclaimed, (and well he might,) "Good G—d, look at Billy." From this place to the winning post, Eclipse gained but a few feet, Henry coming in ahead about a length in the clear. The shortest time of this heat, as returned by the judges on the stand, was 7 min. 37½ sec.

I pushed immediately up to the winning-post, in order to view the situation of the respective horses, after this very trying and severe heat; for it was in fact running the whole four miles. Sir Henry was less distressed than I expected to find him; Eclipse also bore it well, but of the two, he appeared the most jaded; the injudicious manner in which he had been rode, had certainly annoyed, and unnecessarily distressed him.

The incapacity of Crafts to manage Eclipse, (who required much urging, and at the same time to be pulled hard,) was apparent to all: he being a slender made lad, in body weight about 100 lbs. only. A person interested in the event, seeing Buckley, who had rode the horse on a former occasion, with me, requested that I would keep him within call, and ready to ride in case of an emergency. It was, however, soon settled, and announced, that Mr. Purdy would ride him the second heat, upon which, long faces grew shorter, and northern hope revived.—Six to four was, nevertheless, offered on the southern horse, but no takers.

[Mr. Purdy, who, on this occasion so mainly contributed to develope the mighty energies of Eclipse, at the time of the race was extensively engaged as a housebuilder in this city. His skill and elegance in riding had long been the theme of admiration, and he better than any man living, probably knew the temper of Eclipse, and how to get his work out of him. He had frequently ridden him, and twice his own horse (*Little John*) had been beaten by Eclipse. Owing to some misunderstanding, it was determined by his owner that Purdy should not ride Eclipse on this occasion, notwithstanding which Purdy was so assured in his own mind that his services would be in request before the race was over, that he attended it with his scarlet silk dress on, concealed beneath his ordinary suit, and with his jockey cap and spurs in his pocket. He was determined however, not to ride without the reputation of his favorite horse was jeopardized, knowing full well, as he did, that *he* could win with him against all comers. The result of the 1st heat proved the correctness of his opinion, and at the general solicitation of his friends, backed by the assurance that Eclipse would lose the race under any other rider, he allowed himself to be weighed. As he came out of the scales, and it was announced he was to ride Eclipse, the assembled crowd of Northerners rent the air with long reiterated acclamations].

SECOND HEAT.—The horses, after a lapse of 30 minutes, were called up for a second heat. I attentively viewed Eclipse while saddling, and was surprised to find that to appearance he had not only entirely recovered, but seemed full of mettle, lashing and reaching out with his hind feet, anxious and impatient to renew the contest. Mr Purdy having mounted his favorite, was perfectly at home, and self-confident. The signal being again given, he went off rapidly from the start; Sir Henry being now entitled to the inside, took the track, and kept the lead, followed closely by Eclipse, whom Mr. Purdy at once brought to his work, knowing that game and stoutness was his play, and his only chance of success, that of driving his speedy adversary up to the top of his rate, without giving him the least respite. Henry went steadily on, nearly at the top of his speed, keeping a gap open between himself and Eclipse of about 20 feet, without much variation, for about two miles and seven eighths, or until towards the conclusion of the third mile they had arrived nearly opposite the four mile distance post. Here Purdy made his run, and when they had advanced forty rods further, which brought them to the end of the third mile, was close up, say nose and tail. They now entered upon the fourth and last mile, which commences with a turn or sweep, the moment you leave the starting post. Here the crowd was immense; I was at this moment on horseback, stationed down the stretch or straight run, a short distance below the winning post, in company with a friend, and Buckley the jockey, who kept close to me during the whole race. We pushed out into the centre, or open space of the ground, in order to obtain a more distinct view of the struggle, which we saw making for the lead; every thing depended upon this effort of Purdy; well he knew it; his case was a desperate one, and required a desperate attempt; it was to risk all for all; he did not hesitate. When the horses had got about one third of the way round the sweep, they had so far cleared the crowd as to afford us a distinct view of them before they reached the centre of the turn; Eclipse had lapped Henry about head and girth, and appeared evidently in the act of passing. Here Buckley vociferated, "See Eclipse! look at Purdy! by heaven on the inside!" I was all attention. Purdy was on the left hand or inside of Henry; I felt alarmed for the consequence, satisfied that he had thus hazarded all; I feared that Walden would take advantage of his position, and by reining in, force him against or inside one of the poles; when they had proceeded a litile more than half way round the sweep, the horses were a dead lap; when about three fourths round, Eclipse's quarter covered Henry's head and neck and just they had finished the bend, and were entering upon the straight run, which extends along the back part of the course, Eclipse for the first time was fairly clear, and ahead. He now with the help of the persuaders, which were freely bestowed, kept up his run, and continued gradually, though slowly, to gain during the remaining three quarters of a mile, and came in about two lengths ahead. As they passed up the stretch or last quarter of a mile, the shouting, clapping of hands, waiving of handkerchiefs, long and loud applause sent forth by the Eclipse party, exceeded all description; it seemed to roll along the track as the horses advanced, resembling the loud and reiterated shout of contending armies.

Time, this second heat, 7 minutes 49 seconds.

THIRD HEAT.—It was now given out, that in place of the boy Walden, who had rode Sir Henry the two preceding heats, that Arthur Taylor, a trainer of great experience, and long a rider, equalled by few, and surpassed by none, would ride him this last and decisive heat. At the expiration of 30 minutes the horses were once more summoned to the starting post, and Purdy and Taylor mounted; the word being given, they went off at a quick rate; Purdy now taking the lead, and pushing Eclipse from the score; and indeed, the whole four miles, applying the whip and spur incessantly, evidently resolved to give Sir Henry no respite, but to cause him if determined to trail, to employ all his speed and strength, without keeping anything in reserve for the run in. Sir Henry continued to trail, apparently under a pull, never attempting to come up until they had both fairly entered the straight run towards the termination of the last mile, and had advanced within about sixty rods from home. Here Sir Henry being about five yards behind, made a dash, and ran up to Eclipse, so far as to cover his quarter or haunch with his head, and for a moment had the appearance of going past; he made a severe struggle for about two hundred yards, when he again fell in the rear, and gave up the contest.

Thus terminated the most interesting race ever run in the United States. Besides the original stake of $20,000 each, it was judged that upwards of $200,000 changed hands.

In this last heat, Sir Henry carried 110 lbs., being two pounds over his proper weight: it not being possible to bring Arthur Taylor to ride less, and although a small horse, and wanting twenty days of being four years old, he made the greatest run ever witnessed in America.

Time, this heat, 8 minutes 24 seconds.

Thus the three heats, or twelve miles, were run in 23 minutes 50½ seconds, or an average of 7 minutes 57 seconds each heat; or 1 minute 59 seconds per mile.

Notwithstanding this defeat, the Southern sportsmen continued to be inspired with so much confidence in their horse, that they offered to renew the contest for a much larger amount, as appears by the following challenge and the answer thereto, which I give as connected with the event:—

To JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq. LONG ISLAND, May 28, 1823.

SIR,—I will run the horse Henry against the horse Eclipse at Washington city next Fall, the day before the Jockey Club Purse is run for, for any sum from twenty to fifty thousand dollars. The forfeit and stake to be deposited in the Branch Bank of the United States at Washington, at any nameable time, to be appointed by you.

Although this is addressed to you individually, it is intended for all the betters on Eclipse, and if agreeable to you and them, you may have the liberty of substituting at the starting-post, in the place of Eclipse, any horse, mare, or gelding, foaled and owned on the Northern and Eastern side of the North river, provided I have the liberty of substituting in the place of Henry, at the starting-post, any horse, mare, or gelding, foaled and owned on the South side of the Potomac. As we propose running at Washington city, the rules of that Jockey Club must govern of course. I am respectfully yours, WILLIAM R. JOHNSON.

(ANSWER.)

DEAR SIR,—The bet just decided was made under circumstances of excitement, which might in some measure apologize or its rashness, but would scarcely justify it as an example; and I trust the part I took in it will not be considered as a proof of my intention to become a patron of sporting on so extensive a scale. For myself, then, I must decline the offer. For the gentlemen who with me backed Eclipse, their confidence in his superiority, I may safely say, is not in the least impaired. But even they do not hesitate to believe, that old age and hard service may one day accomplish what strength and fleetness, directed by consummate skill, has hitherto failed to accomplish.

For Mr. Van Ranst I answer, that he owes it to the Association who have so confidently supported him, to the State at large, who have felt and expressed so much interest in his success, and to himself as a man, not totally divested of feeling, never, on any consideration, to risk the life or reputation of the noble animal, whose generous and almost incredible exertions have gained for the North so signal a victory, and for himself such well-earned and never failing renown.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant, JOHN C. STEVENS.

WM. R. JOHNSON, Esq.

CLEAVELAND (Ohio) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

A subscriber to the Spirit of the Times furnishes the annexed report. The weights adopted by this Club correspond with those carried on the Central Course, Baltimore, viz.:—3 yr. olds 86 lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged, 124 lbs., with an allowance of 3 lbs. to mares and geldings.

FIRST DAY, September 14, 1836.—Purse $100, for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old.—Mile heats.

P. C. Bush's b. c. *Tom Branch*, by Star, dam by Sir Charles	2	1
D. Stockton's ch. f. ———, by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany	1	dis.
J. Ewbank's br. c. *Flat-foot*, by Stockholder, dam by Sumpter	dis.	

No time kept of the first heat, Flat-foot having bolted, followed by the field;—2d heat 1:58: track very heavy.

SECOND DAY.—Jockey Club Purse, $800, Four mile heats.

P. C. Bush's br. h. *Waterloo*, 4 yrs., by Eclipse, dam by Hickory	1	1
D. Stockton's br. m. *Polly Hopkins*, 7 yrs., by Bertrand, dam by Whip	3	2
J. T. Zeilley's b. h. *Orphan Boy*, 6 yrs., by Orphan Boy, dam by Dinwiddle	4	3
J. Strong's ch. h. *Laurie Todd*, 5 ys., by Eclipse, dam by Expedition	2	dis.
Mr. Thompson's br. h. *Woodford*, 6 yrs., by Kosciusko, dam by Hamiltonian	dis.	

Won with ease in 8:22—8:30. Track very heavy.

THIRD DAY.—Purse $300. Three mile heats.

John T. Zeilley's gr. m. *Effy*, 5 yrs. by Pirate, dam by Consul	1	0	1
J. Strong's ch. h. *Laurie Todd*, 5 yrs., by Eclipse, dam by Expedition	2	0	2
D. Stockton's br. m. *Polly Hopkins*, 7 yrs., by Bertrand, dam by Whip	3	3	3
Mr. Thomson's br. h. *Woodford*, by Kosciusko, dam by Hamiltonian 6 yrs.	4	4	dis.

Time, 6:30—6:37—6:42.

FOURTH DAY.—Purse, $200. Two mile heats.

D. Stockton's ch. h. *Crowder*, 4 yrs., by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany	2	1	1
Mr. Snyder's b. h. *Orphan Boy*, 6 yrs., by Orphan Boy, dam by Dinwiddle	3	2	2
Mr. Monroe's gr. h. *Adam*, 7 yrs., by Duroc, dam by Hickory	1	3	dr.
Mr. Smyth's ch. g. *Sleepy Jack*, 6 yrs., by Cock of the Rock, dam unknown	4	4	dis.

Time, 4:15—4:14—4:20.

FIFTH DAY.—Purse $150, 3 best in 5, mile heats; 10 per cent. entrance. Six horses to make a field or the entrance to be deducted from the winner.

Mr. Monroe's gr. h. *Adam*, 7 yrs., by Duroc, dam by Hickory.	1	2	1	1
Geo. Bailey's b. h. *Sandusky*, 4 yrs., by Pirate, dam by Haxall's Moses	3	1	2	2
Mr. Snyder's b. h. *Orphan Boy*, 6 yrs., by Eclipse, dam by Dinwiddle	2	3	3	3

Time, 2:4—2:3—2:5—2:10.

LITTLE ROCK (Ark.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Our favorite correspondent "N." has sent us the annexed report of these races. The following gentlemen compose the officers of the Club for 1836:—

Maj. DAVID S. GREER, *President*.
Judges, Maj. ELIAS RECTOR, and C. F. M. NOLAND, Esq.
Timers, Messrs. GREER and RECTOR. *Secretary*, C. P. BERTRAND, Esq.

Weights—2 yrs. old, a feather—3 yrs. 80 lbs.—4, 94—5, 106—6, 112—7, and upwards, 120 lbs. 3 lbs. allowed mares and geldings. *Track* thirty-nine yds. over a mile.

FIRST DAY, Nov. 8, 1836.—Purse $200. Ent. $20. Two mile heats.

Hawkins and Ferguson's b. m. *Miss Martha*, by Sir Charles, dam by Tuckahoe, 6 yrs.	1	1
David Burniss's b h *Robert Emmet*, by Pacific, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs.	2	dis.

Time, 4:29—4:57.

Mr. Burniss's horses came through the swamp about a fortnight since, and as a matter of course, were in bad condition. Bets 3 to 1 on Miss Martha, who won in handsome style. She is now very lame from the effects of the race.

SECOND DAY.—Purse $110. Ent. $20. Mile heats.

Capt. T. T. Tunstall's b. g. *Captain Boone*, by Mormon, 4 yrs.	1	1
Maj. McCarty's g. m. *Penelope*, by Pacolet, 4 yrs	2	2
Mr. Smallwood's b. h. by Tecumseh, 6 yrs	dis.	

Time, 2:0—2:13.

Track heavy by rain. Boone the favorite at large odds for the first heat. A pretty race—the grey mare, though not the better horse, proved herself a crowder.

THIRD DAY.—Purse $300. Ent. $50. Three mile heats.

Hawkins and Ferguson's br. h. *Uncas*, by John Randolph, aged	1	0	1
Col. Wm. Lockhart's s. c. *Red Robin*, by Tennesseean, 3 yrs	2	0	2
C. F. M. Noland's b. f. *Charline*, by Pacific, dam by Florizel, 3 y	3	3	3

Time, 7:20—6:59—7:55.

The course was very heavy from the rains of the last night. Uncas the favorite at such long odds, that the contest seemed by no means doubtful. The conqueror of William and Tom Fletcher, running on his own course, and fine as silk, the thing seemed like open and shut. His competitors, a 3 yr. old colt of Col. Lockhart's, unknown to fame, and a 3 yr. old filly, just through the swamp, and purchased of Mr. Burniss by C. F. M. Noland, Esq. for $500.

But the way they moved him was the right way. In the first heat, the filly's saddle slipped on her neck; she led in the 2d until the stretch, and lost it in all, probability by bad riding. In the 3d heat she led for two miles, when she was passed, and beaten easily. Red Robin and Uncas made a beautiful run the second heat—the latter risking all on a brush; it would not do, the saucy Robin

stuck to him like a brother, and made a dead heat with him. The 3d was a beautiful contest, won under the whip by Uncas. Red Robin and Charline are both screamers, and when they get two years more on their heads, look out for sights.

By the by, if A and B dash in the track, and gallop behind their own horses, but in front of C, what is the consequence? Does not C win the race?—I ask for information, for just such a case occurred to-day.

[C was not entitled to the purse, inasmuch as neither of its competitors rode foul. However, the Club should at once have ruled A and B off the track, if it was proved that they intentionally obstructed C in the race.-*Ed. S. of the Times.*]

FOURTH DAY.—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds. Mile heats. Sub. $300, h. ft.

Thos T. Tunstall's b. g. *Gazelle*, by Volcano	1	1
W. M. T. Outlaw's b. c. *Davy Crockett*	2	dis.
Hawkins and Ferguson's b. c. *Waponacka*, by Uncas	pd. ft.	

Time, 2:21—2:25.

Gazelle, the favorite, won easily. Track still heavy.

Same Day.—Purse $000. Mile heats. Best 3 in 5.

Wm. Loring's b. c. *Cherokee*, by Cherokee, 4 yrs	1
David Burniss's b. h. *Robert Emmet*, by Pacific, 5 yrs	dis.

Time, 2:5. No betting—Cherokee the favorite.

On Tuesday week the *Caddo Jockey Club* races commence. If I attend them you may expect a report. Truly yours, N.

LITTLE ROCK, Nov. 13th, 1836.

ONE DAY LATER.

DEAR P.—If I only felt well I could give you something amusing, for the last week furnished *materiel* abundantly. The regular races I have already reported. The scrubs afforded lots of mirth. The most conspicuous among the quarter horses was a pony known as the *Hessian Fly*. He is a dark chesnut, with a snip lengthy, and well muscled, his loin and thigh perfect, about 13½ hands high. He ran twice or three times on every day. His first race was with a pony called *Hell*. The judges were selected, and the ponies mounted.—"Five on the Fly!"—"Done!" says one. "Hurrah for Hell! I am on him 50 cents and a knife." Away they go.—The Hessian slayed him. Again the Hessian was matched, and again he proved victor. He lost one race by his owner's being slightly *oblivious*. He was again beaten by Captain James Stephenson's *Grey-tail*, a horse of much racing celebrity.

There was a scrub race—one mile out.—Bluster, Henry Sweat, and Rainey's grey. The two last bolted; Sweat was brought in the track, and won the race. A match was afterwards made on the grey and Sweat—the latter greatly the favorite—it was won by the grey.

I was tickled at a negro—says he, "Oh yes, oh yes, I will bet $100 with any colored man, and if any gentleman takes it up, I will take no exceptions."

It would require a volume to chronicle the banters and cavortings of the "bone and sinew."

Many of them were gloriously high, and the way they offered to run against any thing that was "between yearth and sky," that "water wet or sun-dried," not excepting "mules, or mules' colts," was sinful.

Hawkins' stable, consisting of *Uncas* and *Miss Martha*; Loring's, in which are *Sir William* and *Cherokee*; Tunstall's lot, composed of Noland's *Charline*, by Pacific, *Independence*, and *Captain Boone*; Lockhart's, consisting of *Red Robin*, and Mr. McCarty's *Penelope*, together with Burniss's *Robert Emmet*, a Janus and Leviathan have, left for the Caddo. Sir William, Uncas, Charline, and Hard Oak, (formerly Red Robin,) start the 3 mile day; Miss Martha, Penelope, Independence, Cherokee, and one of Burniss's will, in all probability, start the 2 mile day.

Miss Martha will be sent next Spring to *Glencoe*, her owner having left it to me to make the selection. Truly yours, N.

PEDIGREES FOR THE NEW AMERICAN STUD BOOK.

The Editor of the Spirit of the Times acknowledges the receipt of the following pedigrees of his stock, furnished by Gen. THOMAS M. FORMAN, of Md. Gen. F. filled for many years, with eminent honor to himself, and to the universal gratification of all, the important station of President of the Maryland Jockey Club, Central Course. Though "retired into the vale of years," the old veteran is in the enjoyment of vigorous health, and his many friends will be glad to see that his interest in the improvement of Blood Stock is unabated. May he live a thousand years.

SALLY BAXTER,

A bay mare, was bred by me, and was foaled the 23d May, 1814. She was got by Ogle's Oscar, her dam Dianna, by imported Expedition—her grandam Betsey Bell, by McCartney's Old Cub—her g. grandam Temptation, by Heath's Childers—her g. g. grandam Maggy Lauder, by Hamilton's imported Figaro, (which mare was purchased by me, and was full sister to Mr. Patterson's beautiful running horse Rochester,)—her g. g. g. grandam by the imported horse Othello—her g. g. g. g. grandam by Spark, (imported by the first Governor Ogle, presented to him by the then Prince of Wales)—her g. g. g. g. g. grandam a favorite mare of the distinguished sportsman, Col. Tasker, from whom the Othello mare was purchased by the senior Col. Joseph Nicholson, Eastern shore of Maryland.

Her Produce.

1819. B. G. by a country horse.
1822. B. G. by a country horse.
1824. S. F. by Ware's Godolphin (dead).
1826. S. F. by Ditto, Cornelia Van Horn.
1828. B. C. Uncle Sam, by John Richards.
1829. Br. F. Polly Brooks, by imported Valentine.
1831. S. F. Dew-drop, by John Richards.

CORNELIA VAN HORN—*Her Produce.*

1831. Ch. C. Delegate by imported Valentine.
1832. Missed to John Stanley.
1833. Missed to Burefoot.
1834. Br. F. Polly Page, by imported Hedgford.
1835. Br. C. Pelago, by Eclipse Light-foot
1836. B. C. Rienzi, by imported Tranby.
She is now stinted to Chateau Margeaux.

POLLY BROOKS.

1834. Missed to Hedgford.
1835. Missed to Eclipse Light-foot.
1836. Missed to Tranby, and is now
Stinted to Leviathan, and thought to be with foal.

Rose Hill, near Cecilton, Md., Dec. 1, 1836. T. M. FORMAN.

MOBILE (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

"Greek against Greek," exclaims the editor of the Mercantile Advertiser, in announcing that the races commenced on the week following, (16th Nov.) He proceeds to the following effect:—

Extraordinary sport and interest are anticipated. Some of the finest horses in the country will be on the ground, and although we do not now expect *John Bascomb* to be of the number, yet there will be those there who yield not the palm of victory to that celebrated racer. He must beat *them* first, which some who *know them* doubt his ability to do, the proffered twenty thousand dollar bet to the contrary notwithstanding.

We have received the following communication from a friend in Florida, on the subject of our forthcoming races, and the fine stable of horses, belonging to Col. PITTMAN, of Florida, which are to make their first appearance on the Mobile Turf. We thank our friend at Marianna for his favor, and assure him we would be glad to receive communications from his pen often, either upon the subject of the turf, or any other which may be most to his liking. We are pleased also to assure him that Col. Pittman arrived here with his noble horses on Tuesday, all in health and "good condition." Colonel Pittman is all our correspondent represents him to be, and he will receive from the friends and patrons of the turf here, that respect and attention ever due from gentlemen *at home* to gentlemen *from home*. His horses have the appearance of being all our correspondent says of them. We have others here anxious and restive to make the trial with them. We feel assured it will be Greek against Greek.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MERCANTILE ADVERTISER.

MARIANNA, Florida, Nov. 3, 1836.

Mr. Editor,—I have observed in the papers several notices of horses, that were to contend for the purses at the races, over the Mobile Course, and have been pleased to see, that there is a good prospect of much competition, and fine sport. As a Floridian, I am glad to say that Florida, too, will be ably represented on your course. Col. James J. Pittman's fine stable of horses left here for Mobile on the 30th ult. The horses are *Francis Marion*, *American Citizen*, *Mary Doubleday*, and a colt by Eclipse. It is scarcely necessary to say anything to recommend such horses to the notice of persons acquainted with Turf events, for the last two or three years—suffice it to say of the first named horse, Francis Marion, that he has run only three races, two of which he won; on the first, beating *Mary Smith* and *Veto*; in the second, beating *Jane Bertrand*—the first and last of these animals are known to have done "some service" on the race field. He was beat at Columbus, running *restive and out of order*. American Citizen has run in four races, two of which he won, at Tallahassee. At Macon, when contending against *Miss Medley* and *Hickory John*, he bolted while ahead, in the second heat, having won the first. At Augusta, although out of condition, from the effect of an injury received at Macon, he lost no credit, in his contest with *Bay Maria*. He has both speed and bottom, and the horse that takes a purse from him, will achieve a feat, which few can attempt with success.

Mary Doubleday is the Heroine of many well-contested fields, several of which she has won, and on none of which has she ever been disgraced.

The Eclipse Colt has yet to win for himself a name: and unless he belies the premise afforded by his fine form, and the slight trials he has had, he will do no dishonor to his illustrious sire.

If these horses appear on your course in good order, and well conditioned, should they not win your purses, they will make their competitors earn their victory, and afford fine sport for the Ladies and Gentlemen who may visit your races.

At all events, we feel confident that you will all be pleased with the high minded and liberal owner of these horses, Col. James J. Pittman, who will attend the races at your place. In him you will find combined, the high toned feeling, and generous, liberal manners, which ever belong to the genuine patrons of the Turf. Such are the qualities that have characterised his conduct at every course he has visited, and the natural consequence of his acquaintance, is an increase of pleasure, the longer it continues.

Commending this gentlemanly "Turfite" and his fine horses, to the favorable notice of yourself and your friends, and hoping that they may obtain, at least, a share of the "spoils of victory, I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

A FLORIDIAN.

The Mercantile Advertiser of more recent dates, furnishes *materiel* for the annexed report. On the morning of the first day's race, the Advertiser contained the following paragraphs:—

This day the friends of the Turf in this vicinity will have a fine exhibition of racing over the Mobile Course. The horses entered, as will be seen by reference to the advertisement, are, collectively, superior to any horses of the same number which have entered any one race this season in the United States. They are noble animals all—sired by *Pacific*, *Bertrand*, and *Marion*. The blood of their sires flows in their veins. They have all three been winners at four mile heats. But they will not all be winners to-day.

We are sorry *Birmingham*, our favorite, who was to have been entered for the four mile heats, has been disabled in consequence of having cast himself in the stable about ten days since. He has many friends who will regret his absence to-day. We are glad to learn, however that he is on the recovery, and will be in good condition again very soon, to take four mile purses for his owners. We intend to be one of the multitude at the races to-day, and "report progress" in full.

FIRST DAY, Nov. 16, 1836.—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Vance Johnson's b. m. *Red Maria*,* by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 6 yrs. 115lbs	2	1	1
R. B. Harrison's b. h. *John Dawson*, by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie, 6 yrs. 118lbs	1	2	2
Jas. J. Pittman's b. h. *American Citizen*, by Marion, dam by Harwood, 4 yrs. 100lbs	3	dis.	

Time, 8:12—8:24—8:48. *Red Maria carried 6lbs. extra.

"The day was beautiful—the multitude very great—the interest intense, and the horses splendid," exclaims the Advertiser, who might well have added, "and the running poor;" for notwithstanding the course is thirty-three yards over a mile, making more than a four mile distance on the Union Course, 8:12 for a first 4 mile heat is but an exercise gallop compared with time on record made by the entries above on previous occasions. The Advertiser gives the following details:

It was evident that a strong feeling existed of partiality for the Mobile nag—Red Maria. And yet but few were found—very few—willing to risk much in her favor against the field. But there were a few, however, who did offer such bets, and had them accepted, too, as fast as they offered them.—The name and fame of American Citizen, however, led almost all captive. And the exploits of John Dawson would now and then cross the mind and resolve one to back him against either of the others. On the whole, it was difficult to get the "knowing ones" to say how much they would risk, and in what manner they would risk it. Many bets, perhaps a majority, of those made before the horses were seen, were offered upon American Citizen against the field. Others, upon Red Maria winning the first heat. She was thinner than her competitors, and her rider weighed 121lbs., 6 more than the number required; but then it was well known that that rider was every thing to the mare, and that, if she had not bottom, which some contended was the case, she was fleet. However, all said that if she did not win the first heat, she would win none.—When the horses came out they all looked finely, and puzzled the congregation not a little as to how they should *propose statements* or *accept propositions*. But business was business; bets were to be made; so they were proposed and accepted *a la mode hap-hazard*. But take the risks altogether, we think a majority of them were upon American Citizen against the field.

At length the time for starting arrived. The word "go" was given. John Dawson had the inside—American Citizen the middle—Red Maria the outside. The two first got off finely, John Dawson leading; but Red Maria made a bad start, which left her considerably in the rear; she kept on, however, nor seemed to be at all chagrined at the want of gallantry on the part of the two genteel chaps who were to bear her company. Those who knew her said she might provoke her gallants before their party broke up. The first mile was run splendidly—no change in positions, except Red Maria appeared to manifest a disposition to near those who had attempted to run away from her, and pester them a little. The second mile was run pretty much as the first, the mare gaining a little for convenience sake. It was beautiful running. As they passed the Judges' Stand, the multitude cheered them roundly. They all passed into the third mile in great glee; but by the time it was half run, Red Maria pushed for American Citizen, who was next to her—she reached him—said how d'ye do—and left him to take her place, while she would make his good, which she did during the fourth mile, and made a rush just at its close, to serve John Dawson the same way, but did not succeed, he being two or three feet a-head as they arrived at the stand. American Citizen was far in the rear. It was believed by many, however, that he had been favoring himself for the other heats. Others said he did as well as he could. But his backers gave him not up.

The second heat was begun in rather better style. John Dawson was a little a head, American Citizen next and, Red Maria again driving them before her. They all ran gallantly, and came in the first mile without changing positions. The second was run in the same closely contested style, the mare gaining a very little on American Citizen. She nearly locked him. As they came in she was cheered roundly. She passed on upon the third mile gallantly—ran the first quarter without changing positions—then Red Maria made a successful brush for American Citizen. Her friends saw it all, and shouted. She, nothing daunted, held to her determination, succeeded, passed him when the mile was half run, and pushed on to plague John Dawson, for former conduct of his towards her. She came in almost neck and neck, while American Citizen loitered in the rear. As the two forward ones came in, the shouts rung for Red Maria for coming up so closely to her then only competitor. But just at this moment, the third mile being completed, the rider of John Dawson, for what cause we know not, drew up his horse precisely as if the heat had been run. Heavens! what a general burst of indignation was expressed! Red Maria shot ahead. The multitude shouted to the boy riding John Dawson to "Go ahead!" He did so, but it was of no avail. The mare could not be overtaken. However, the boy gave John Dawson the spur and reins, and did his best. He saved being distanced, but American Citizen did not. *He* was fairly distanced.

The third heat was of course run by John Dawson and Red Maria alone. The horse's rider was changed. The starting was fair. John Dawson took the lead and kept it handsomely, though not without a mighty effort, for the two first miles. It was run horse, run mare. The excitement of the "lookers on" was now at the highest pitch. The third mile was commenced in real earnest—it was almost neck and neck—the first quarter is run—the competitors are nearly locked—the shouts are deafening—the mare holds her own—she does more, she gains—now she loses a little—now she comes up—the third quarter bend is passed—it is almost neck and neck—in this way they come in—up go the shouts again—the mare stands it the best—she is in the best plight—she gains! she locks!! she passes!!! there, there she is ahead. Hurrah for Red Maria! She throws the dust in John Dawson's eyes! Now she laughs at him! he cannot overtake her—the third quarter is passed—the mare comes in gallantly—she wins! she wins! Hurrah for Red Maria! she has won a fine purse from two noble horses! Well done Red Maria! Time, 1st heat, 8:12—2d, 8:24—3d, 8:48.

SECOND DAY.—Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Vance Johnson's b. m. *Betsey Rochleau*, by Arab, dam by Conqueror, 5 yrs. 107lbs	1	1
R. B. Harrison's s. m. *Queen Elizabeth*, by Stockholder, dam by Marion, 3 yrs. 83lbs	2	2
Jas. J. Pittman's ch. m. *Mary Doubleday*, by John Henry, dam by Dungannon, 5 yrs. 107lbs	3	dis.
Robt. Chapman's b. h. *Sidney Burbridge*, by Trumpator, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs. 100lbs	4	dis.

Time, 6:7—6:4.

Again (says the Advertiser) the day was a beautiful one—the multitude large—the interest great, and universally participated in—the horses entered, distinguished for their good qualities—and the purse to be run for, $700, is pure mint drops.

Johnson's mare was decidedly the favorite in the morning. Bets were freely offered in her favor against the field. They were about as freely taken, however, for scarcely any one with anything of a betting disposition would refuse to back a field of three fine nags against even the fleet Miss Rochleau. We have never seen, in times of a pressure for money, so plentiful a supply of paper currency, as was there exhibited. Almost every man had his hands full, or looked as if he expected to have them filled as soon as the race was decided.

The nags at length were brought out.—"Mount your riders," was soon after heard. The riders mounted. The word "go" was not yet given; but "go" Sidney Burbridge would, whether the others were ready or not. He run a considerable distance with his groom hanging at his head like a very Sampson, who finally, with the assistance of the rider, succeeded in jerking him up. He returned. The word "go" was at length given, and away the four went with a rush, the Florida nag, Miss Doubleday, taking the track, Sidney Burbridge next, Betsey Rochleau third, and the Queen bringing up the rear. The first and part of the second quarter they ran without changing positions; but on the back stretch Miss Rochleau made a rush and a successful one, to pass Sidney. On the third quarter of the first mile, she took a notion to hold some chat with Miss Doubleday. What they said, we know not, but just as they came in, Miss Rochleau seemed to say, "now for it, my Florida friend." At all events, she shot ahead, and relieved Miss Doubleday of taking the lead. Sidney Burbridge and the Queen meanwhile were pursuing the others in great good earnest. So they went the second mile—Miss Rochleau coming in ahead hand in hand—away they all heeled it for the third and last mile. Sidney Burbridge thinking it time to display his accomplishments to his companions, made a gallant effort, and shot ahead of Miss Doubleday, but found Miss Rochleau very unwilling to hold any conversation with him—she cut clear from the whole of them, and out of politeness' sake, only held up a little to let them save their distance. They did so; but as soon as that was done, Sidney Burbridge took it into his head to bolt, as it harmed no purse, and as he had run a little for nothing by first starting too soon; at the same time the Queen made a rush for Miss Doubleday—succeeded, and passed the Judges' Stand second best in the first heat, which was run in 6:7.

The starting for the second heat was good. The Queen took the lead. She became almost the favorite on account of her perseverance and the fact that her rider was a very young and apparently awkward boy. On the back stretch, while running the first mile of this heat, Sidney Burbridge came up along side of Miss Rochleau, but it was of no avail; she left him again—showed him her heels and rushed on after the gallant Queen Elizabeth—she overtook her, and came in a little ahead—and kept so, rushing on to accomplish the second mile with a like success—the Queen, however, put her to her trumps, while the Lady Doubleday and her companion were following up, as yet but little daunted. Miss Rochleau now thought it best to get out of the way of the Queen if possible—she knew her trainer—perhaps she thought she was running on her own course, and must not disgrace it—at any rate, she ran the second mile gallantly, and came in ahead—on she and the Queen heeled it for the third and last mile—nor did the Florida mare or Sidney Burbridge give up—they kept on—they did their best—but it was all of no avail—Miss Rochleau won the race and the purse, and having got her dander up, even was so uncivil as to distance Mary Doubleday and Sidney Burbridge in 6:4.

Same Day.—Sweepstakes, One mile out; sub. $000, with $100 added by the Club.

Maj. Kenan's ch. m. *Carnalookee*, by Clanus, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs. 97lbs	1
Capt. Harrison's s. h. *Mad Bill*, [pedigree not given]	2

Bets were in favor of the mare. The starting was not fair—the horse did not get off soon enough. He, however, kept on, and continued to gain upon the mare steadily during the entire mile, and came in but a neck in the rear of Carnalookee, who of course won the race and the purse. It was beautiful running, however.

THIRD DAY.—Purse $500. Two mile heats.

Col. Vance Johnston's gr. m. *Forsaken Filly*, (alias Lucetta) by Jerry, out of imp. Stoughton Lass, 5 yrs. 107 lbs	1	2	1
Col. Jas. J. Pittman's b. h. *American Citizen*, by Marion, dam by Harwood, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	2	1	2

Time, 4:2—4:8—4:13

The betting was brisk. Nobody loved to bet against Colonel Johnston's nag. There seems to be such a charm about his training, selecting riders, and all that sort of thing, that almost all are naturally inclined to be, and bet, on his side; nevertheless, people said yesterday, there must be exceptions to a general rule.—Johnston won on Wednesday, and Johnston won on Thursday, and now he has brought out Forsaken Filly against American Citizen, who is in better plight than he was on Wednesday, and therefore Johnston must not and will not win on Friday—his Forsaken Filly will be forsaken. But it was not all the people who said this. Some thought a moment of the mare's pedigree, of her present training, and of the little wicked darkey dressed all in "fire red" who was to ride her—and they were resolute for offering any bets in favor of the sprightly grey.

By and by the time of starting arrived—the nags were ready—the drum was tapped—and off they started in gallant style, the mare taking the lead. It was "run mare, run horse" for the whole two miles round. The Forsaken Filly was not forsaken however; she maintained her advance handsomely and came in ahead, winning the first heat. Time, 4:2.

The second heat was beautifully run. It was almost lock horse and lock mare all the way round the first mile. The second mile the horse commenced ahead, and maintained his position during the mile; but he had to ply every muscle for it. He came in half a yard ahead—but the "knowing ones" said it was solely through the indulgence of the saucy grey that he did so. Time, 4:8.

The third heat was now to be run. Heels had been displayed—bottom was now the order of the race. Betting was brisk. The nags got off well. But the heat was not interesting. The mare played with the horse at her leisure. She would run ahead of him at a great rate, and then hold up a little. She had not been *forsaken* by his running ahead, and she was determined he should not *forsake* her by lazing behind. She, however, took care to win the third purse of yellow jackets for her owner that has been won for him during the races, and also to do no discredit to Mobile. She is a first rate nag. Time of running the third heat, 4:13. The track was quite heavy, owing to a shower of rain having fallen upon the thick coat of sand by which it is covered.

FOURTH DAY.—Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Vance Johnston's b. m. *Ione*, by Pacific, out of Sumner's Matilda, 4 yrs. 97lbs	1	1	1
Robt. Chapman's b. h. *Sidney Burbridge*, by Trumpator, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs. 110lbs	2	2	dr.

Time not given, the race coming off during a rain storm.

We have given Ione's pedigree above as we have *seen* it, it being omitted altogether in the Mobile papers, but we doubt whether it is now correct, unless Ione has changed her name, or is more or less than 4 yrs. old, for in 1833, Matilda brought a gr. c. called *John Anderson My Joe*, while in 1832 she brought a ch f. *Sunflower*, and in 1834 a br. f. *Pandora*, all by Pacific. We shall feel obliged if any one will send us *the* pedigree of this fine mare.

MOBILE THEATRICALS.

The theatrical season opened in this city on Wednesday evening, under highly flattering circumstances. Notwithstanding the weather was bad, so much so as to prevent the attendance of the ladies, yet the house was very handsomely filled. The new decorations and improvements of the theatre showed off to the best advantage. The orchestra has received an addition of several artists of distinction. The company has retained the best of its old performers, while it has dispensed with the services of several of its poorest and supplied their places with others, who, we trust, will give more general satisfaction. The reception of each of the old favorites by the audience, as they respectively made their appearance, during the play, was cordial, general, and hearty, and gave assurance that the Mobile public were glad to see their familiar faces back again. There was a marked, decided improvement in the appearance of Mr. J. M. FIELD, which we were glad to notice. He left us out of health; he has returned robust, well-looking, and prepared we doubt not, to do himself even more credit than ever as a "proud representative of Shakspeare's Heroes." Mr. M. Field appeared but once in the play, but said enough to let us know that "Richard was himself again." Mr. LUDLOW, as *Doctor Pangloss* was, as he used to be, good, decidedly so. "Old Sol" played *Zekiel Homespun* never better perhaps. When he came on, he was determined to have it that the hearty greetings of the audience were meant for some one else, but he had to come to it—doff his hat and make his bows "three times three," in acknowledgment of the cheers with which he was greeted. Miss RIDDLE was not in the cast. Miss PETRIE, a new actress here, appeared as *Cicilie*, and played the part with credit. Her voice and style of acting are not altogether unlike Miss Riddle's. Mrs. HUBBARD represents the character of an old lady very well. She reminds us of Mrs. Jones, a very good actress in that line. Mrs. SALZMAN is an experienced actress. The part she took on Wednesday evening had but little in it by which an actress could distinguish herself.

Messrs. DE CAMP and PLACIDE, who are engaged, have not yet arrived. We predict that Placide will be immensely popular if he does come.

Last evening the house was well filled, and the IRON CHEST went off well, the two Fields, Smith, Ludlow, and Miss Petrie, all acting with life, spirit and effect. J. M. Fields, *Sir Edward Mortimer* was highly creditable.

The ladies of our city seem not to care to pay the Theatre a visit until Miss RIDDLE, the favorite, makes her appearance. Mercantile Adv.

In the window of a dairy at Paddington it is written, "Wanted, a girl for a walk;" and in Middlesex-street, Somer's-town, a bill stated the other day, "A cuppel of good rumes 2 let."

Summary.

The Eloping Abbess.—The French troops, or *Gavachos*, as they were more familiarly termed, were undoubtedly very much, and properly, hated by all good Spaniards, both male and female, whatever the crowds of little sandy-haired brats that were to be seen running about the garrison towns, after a due residence of the strangers, may prove to the contrary. It might also have been expected that the enmity against these graceless intruders would have been nowhere so strong and concentrated as in the breasts of the fair inmates of the cloister. Strange, however, to say, there was one house outside the gate of Santa Barbara, that was an exception to this rule: a French general was lodged in the Convent of the Presentation, and made himself so very agreeable and what not, that the young and plump abbess herself, after laboring for some time very earnestly for his conversion, and seeing, in all probability, the then hopelessness of the attempt, thought it better to devote herself entirely to it, and decamped with him during the night. In her mistaken zeal, she carried off with her all the valuables of the convent, including some very heavy silver lamps and costly chalices. Two or three of her spiritual daughters, animated with similar zeal, took each charge of her sinner, and set out on a "Pilgrim's Progress," certainly not of the kind which honest John Bunyan has so ingeniously and minutely described for the guidance and edification of wayfaring Christians.

Madrid in 1835.

A Black Aristocrat.—There is a negro named George Washington Jefferson (immortal names) residing in a most magnificent villa near Brighton, England. His income from investment in the national funds alone, is over 10,000*l.* ($50,000) per annum. Besides this he has 20,000*l.* in the Bank of England stock, and is also a partner in an extensive country bank. Jefferson took a conspicuous part in the Haytien revolution of 1791, and went to England in 1804, when Jacques I. Emperor of Hayti ascended the throne. He was then a great stickler for democracy, and hence assumed the name he goes by. It is supposed he had considerable property when he came to London. English Paper.

It seems that a subscriber to the Pawtucket Chronicle has had the good manners to present the editor of that paper with a turkey, whereupon the Boston Transcript, anxious we suppose to entitle itself to a similar mark of approbation, thus wittily discourseth—

The Epicurean potentates of Europe have been longing for a slice of *Turkey* this many a year, but have found it hard to get even a "*hugging bone*," although they have toiled hard at the "*drumstick*." But here is a Yankee, who in a "*merry thought*" makes a friend a present of the whole, without "dismemberment" or "partition"—"*popes nose*" and all--reserving for himself not even a "*pin feather*." So should all such presents be made—with a good "*heart*" to a good "*liver*," and borne on the "*pinions*" of fame.

An Eastern paper says that a certain well known political leader in the town of Bristol, on retiring to rest a few nights since, stript himself, put his candle in the bed, by which the clothes took fire, and placing himself upon the stand, and mistaking his *nose* for the luminary, clapped the extinguisher over it, and smothered himself to death. We learn from the same veracious source, that the fire was luckily discovered in season to save the dwelling from conflagration.

N. Y Emigrant.

Speaking of the unprecedented speed of the locomotive on the New-Jersey railway, the Rahway Advocate observes "two inches more of steam, Mr. Smith, and the trip through would not have been observed at all." This is about equal to the company who advertise to convey passengers on their line, *even quicker than they can stay at home!* Ib.

Mr. Editor.—The following impromptu came from the lips of a friend during the races of last week, when *Twilight*'s heels were showing themselves victorious over his competitor:

"When *Twilight* dews are falling fast'
Upon the Memphis track,
I watch the horse who wins at last,
And stands up to his rack.

Memphis Enquirer.

A Cure for the Gout.—"Well done, father," said Sam, "take care, old fellow, or you'll have a touch of your old complaint, the gout." "I've found a sovrin cure for that, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, setting down the glass. "A sovreign cure for the gout," said Mr. Pickwick, hastily producing his notebook, "what is it?" "The gout, sir," replied Mr. Weller, "the gout is a complaint as arises from too much ease and comfort. If ever you're attacked with the gout, sir, jist you marry a widow as has got a good loud voice, with a decent notion of usin' it, and you'll never have the gout agin. It's a capital prescription, sir. I take it reg'lar, and I can warrant it to drive away any illness as is caused by too much jollity." Having imparted this valuable secret, Mr. Weller drained his glass once more, produced a labored wink, sighed deeply, and slowly retired. "Well' what do you think of what your father says, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick with a smile. "Think, Sir," replied Mr. Weller, "why, I think he is the wictum o' connubiality, as Blue Beard's domestic chaplain said, with a tear of pity, ven he buried him." Pickwick Papers.

A Sporting Incident.—Two sportsmen, somewhat rare at the business, having a few hours on their hands while on a visit to the town of Hampton, provided themselves with a gun apiece and a pointer dog, and sallied out into the country to shoot partridges. It was not long before Ponto came to a stand. Our sportsmen advanced softly towards him, and when within twenty paces or so, their faithful sentinel flushed a partridge which *whir-r-r-ed* away undisturbed by the report of a gun. Mr. S. looked at Mr. C. and Mr. C. looked at Mr. S.. Before they could collect themselves sufficiently to fire, the bird was out of sight.—In three seconds more, wher-r-r went another partridge from the same spot. Mr. C. looked at Mr. S. and Mr. S. looked at Mr. C., and Ponto turned his head round and looked at both. Not wishing to lose his share of the game, although they had chosen to let theirs slip through their fingers, he darted forward, seized the only remaining partridge with his paws, and catching it in his mouth, brought it and laid it at their feet. The sagacious animal deserved to have the bird nicely cleaned and broiled for his supper. Norfolk Beacon.

Napoleon a Great Author.—Talleyrand said, "No great man ever wrote a book." The witty diplomatist forgot Julius Cæsar, and he did not then suspect Napoleon:—"Napoleon in one of those *congés* which he went to pass at Ajaccio, (it was, I believe, in 1790,) had composed a history of the revolutions of Corsica, of which I wrote two copies, and of which I much regret the loss. One of those manuscripts was addressed by him to the Abbe Raynal, whom my brother had known on his passage to Marseilles. Raynal found the work so extremely remarkable, that he decided upon communicating it to Mirabeau, who, on returning the manuscript, wrote to Raynal that this little history appeared to him to announce a genius of the first order. The reply of Raynal accorded with the opinion of the great orator, and Napoleon was enchanted. I have made a great many researches in vain to find those manuscripts; they were perhaps destroyed in the burning of our house by the troops of Paoli." Memoirs of Lucien.

A Cart Race "came off" in East Broadway, just at dusk on Saturday evening, which afforded rare sport to the dwellers and loafers of that beautiful avenue, and no little merriment to others who happened to be passing. Near the head of the street a true Son of Erin, who was driving along at a pretty fast gait a dirt cart about half full of apples, the tail board of which set so loosely on it as to wiggle about with a very irregular motion of the wheels, was overtaken by a genuine Yankee carman, who observed the cargo of Patrick, and the looseness of his tail board, and was prompted thereby to a little sport and mischief.—Drawing up alongside of the unsuspecting dirt carman he made some remark or other to him, which provoked him to a pace, and off both started at a round gallop. Patrick tucked on the lash without intermission, and the shrewd Yankee, to encourage him, kept his horse about half a length behind his competitor, though he might have left him far in the rear without the use of whip or spur. The increased agitation of Pat's dirt machine set his tail board in corresponding motion, and it constantly bounded up from the bottom of the cart so as to leave room for an incessant stream of his apples, which poured forth so profusely, that before passing three squares every one had abdicated the cart; and were, with equal rapidity gathered up by hosts of ragged little vagabonds, that came pouring from the cross streets to enjoy the frolic. This accomplished, the carman feigned, for the first time to discover the irretrievable mischief the eager Jehu of the dirt cart had sustained by his ambitious competition, and yelled out to him that he was losing his apples; but Patrick shook his head with a knowing grin, plainly intimating to the carman that he was not to be gammoned out of the race by a Yankee trick; and applying his whip with renewed zest, drove on with increased speed, which he abated not till we lost sight of him. N. Y. Sun.

The rage for Joint Stock Companies is thus admirably hit off in a late London paper:—

New Laid Egg Company.—Capital, Ten Millions, in shares of £1 each.

Managing Director—Eude Omelette, Esq.

Provisional Directors—Maximilian Pullet, Esq., Edmund Capon, Esq., Augustus Pip, Esq. M P., Sir Alexander Gizzardo, Knt., George Fowler, Esq., Horace Fitz Speckle, Esq., Charles Henbane, Esq., Hector Bantam, Esq., with power to add to their numbers.

Surveyor—Inigo Landrail, Esq. Auditor—Dilworth Cocker, Esq. Bankers—Messrs. Cockerell and Fox. Solicitors—Messrs. Reynard and Fox. Secretary, pro. tem.—Horatio Bacon, Esq.

Sites for their poultry establishments will be obtained, if possible, at the following stations: Tothill fields, Leicester fields, St. Martin's fields, Camberwell green, and Kennington commom.

Accelerators will be constructed on the plan of the Post Office, so that a newspaper and a new laid egg may be placed on the breakfast table simultaneously; thus accomplishing that great desideratum—knowledge and food for the people. Knowledge is power; but knowledge without eggs is a fallacy. Addled eggs will be immediately exchanged on personal application to the sectetary. Agents will be despatched to Friesland, Poland, and Dorking, to select the finest broods of fowls, for which those places are so justly celebrated.

Introductions to the Court of France are said to be so easy now a-days, as the act of respiration.—Tourists at Paris, properly provided, can readily join the throng of courtiers in that gay and blithsome theatre; and Americans are sometimes admitted, we learn, who do not shed any particular glory either on themselves or on their country. Not long ago, an honest old supercargo of the Jack Downing school, who found himself at Havre, with a few days on his hands, resolved to kill them in Paris. He was Captain So and So at his hotel, and the title gained him friends. He had some letters, and by a sort of hap-hazard luck, got to Court. With his characteristic politeness, Louis Phillippe received him as a monarch. "I hope," said his Majesty, "that I have the pleasure of seeing you quite well." "Why, yes," replied the Captain, "I expect I'm pretty considerably healthy—but I don't feel quite so well as what I did yesterday."

New York Paper.

Scotch Slaves.—Cleland in his statistics of Glasgow, says, that previous to the year 1755, all colliers and other persons employed in coal works were, by common law of Scotland, in a state of slavery. They and their wives and children, if they had assisted for a certain period at a coal work, became the property of the coal masters, and were transferable with the coal work, in the same manner as the slaves of a West India estate.

The Proper Quantum.—I heard an Indian one day ax a tavern keeper for some rum. "Why, Joe Spawdeck, I reckon you have got too much already."—"Too much of any thing," said Joe, "is not good, but too much rum is just enough."

Borrowing a Knocker.—"Why, you'd better knock the door down! what do you want?"—"Och, my darling! don't let me wake any of *your* family; I'm jist usin your knocker to wake the people next door; I'm locked out d'ye see, and they've niver a knocker"—rap! rap! rap!

LEVIATHAN, LAPDOG, GLENCOE, AND St. GILES.

JAMES JACKSON & Co.'s Imported Stallions will Stand at the following places and prices for the sext season, of 1837.

Imported Leviathan, at the stable of Col. Geo. Elliott, Gallatin, Tenn. at $100.
" *Lapdog* will also stand at the same stable, $50.
" *Glencoe*, at the stable of James Jackson, Florence, Ala., $100.
" *St. Giles*, for the ensuing season, will be withdrawn. [n19.]

THOROUGH-BRED HORSES FOR SALE.

THE following thorough-bred horses, belonging to the estate of the late Bela Badger, of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, are offered for sale, viz.:—

John Richards, Valentine, (Imported),
Flying Dutchman, Chifney,
Priam.

The four first-named horses are at Gen. John Falkner's, Gerrard County, Kentucky. Priam is in Preble County, Ohio.

The terms of payment (good security being given) will be made easy to purchasers.

Applications may be made to S. Badger, (Ex. to the estate of Bela Badger,) Philadelphia, Pa., or to JOSEPH H. HELLINGS, Lexington, Ky.

Nov. 7, 1836. [n12-6t.]

ZINGANEE, IVANHOE, AND HANSLAP.

THE Subscriber is desirous of farming out, for one year or more, the following celebrated racing stallions, so well known on the turf as the winners of never fading laurels:—

Zinganee is a deep bay, 9 years old. by Sir Archie, dam by Imp. Chance; black mane and tail, five feet three inches high, and in fine condition.

Hanslap is a rich bay, five feet seven inches high, by Washington, dam by Sir Archie; one of the fleetest and stoutest race nags on the turf; now 7 years old.

Ivanhoe, a fine bay, with black legs, mane and tail, 13 years old, is own brother to Polly Hopkins, and a sure foal getter.

All three are from the best racing families, and "their connexions (on the turf,) are of the highest respectability." Application must be made before the 10th Jan. next, to

Nov. 5, 1836. JAMES S. GARRISON, Norfolk, Virginia.

A TRAINER WANTED.

WANTED, by a gentleman at Murfreesboro', Tenn., about August, 1837, a person capable of taking the management and training of a stable of horses, to whom a liberal salary will be given, with every encouragement. Apply to JOHN HOLMES.

o15. Murfreesboro', Tenn.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

NO. 1. bay mare, *Lady of the Lake*, 24 years old, by Imp. Sir Harry, dam by Imp. Diomed, grandam, by Imp. St. George, g g dam by Imp. Fearnought, g g g dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, out of an Imported mare, now stinted and in foal to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 2. Ch. m. *Charlotte Hamilton*, 10 years old, by Sir Charles, dam No. 1—stinted and in foal to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 3. B. m. *Molly Seagrim*, by Randolph, 6 yrs. (by Tenn. Oscar, out of his full sister) her dam No. 1.

No. 4. G. c. *Daniel O'Connell*, 4 yrs. old, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam No. 1.

No. 5. Ch. f. *Jenny Deans*, 3 years old, by Pizarro, (by Old Pacolet, dam by Florizel, grandam by Grey Diomed, &c.) dam No. 2, stinted to Leviathan.

No. 6. B. f. *Cockahanna*, by Cock of the Rock, dam No. 2, now in a Sweepstakes to be run at Gallatin, the fall of 1839, two mile heats, 13 entries at $100 each, and closed.

The above are of the best blood and shape, and are for sale; application to be made to

[n12] G. W. PARKER, Gallatin, Tenn.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wadcutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N.B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

J. T. GOSDEN.

PRINCIPAL FLUTE OF THE PARK THEATRE, and late of the Baltimore orchestras, continues to give instruction on the above instrument, and the piano forte.

Terms may be known at his residence, No. 6 Ann street, near Broadway. [n26.]

FOR SALE.

A CHESNUT MARE, 7 years old last spring, got by the celebrated race horse Contention, out of the dam of the unequalled Fanny Wyatt, by Sir Hal—she out of a Bedford, and she out of Old Agnes. Stinted to Gohanna last season—very handsome, and has two beautiful colts. Price $1000 for the said mare. Apply to J. B. Kendall, Baltimore.

[n26-4t.] WILLIAM WYNN.

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

D. L. P. WRILEY, SIGN PAINTER.

AT A. B. Smith's Clock Establishment, No. 7 1-2 Bowery. N.B. Church Clock Dials painted in a superior manner. a6.

SAM JONES, FISHERMAN, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Fish, such as Porgyes, Moss Bankers, Lamper Eels, Sheep Heads, Crabs, Clams, Lobsters, Tom Cods, Killeys, Porpoises, Whales, Grampusses, Albany Beef, Flying Squirrels, Pollygrews, Land Crabs, Sea Horses, Rhinoceroses, Aligators, Shrimps, Bull Heads, Toads, Mackerel, Snapping Turtles, Sharks, Swellers, Toad Fish, Shad, Oysters, Carolina Potatoes, Sea Bass, Flounders, Lunar Bats and Dock Rats, with various other Water Fowls too numerous to mention!!!

N.B. A large quantity of Sea Serpents, just from Cape Cod, to be disposed of, will be sent to any part of the city free of expense!!!!

Enquire of A. W. V. & Co., Jackson Ferry, East River.

Ward's Island, Aug. 27, 1836. a 27.

AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage. S. T. EDWARDS.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

A CARD.

W. FULLER respectfully informs his subscribers and the public in general, that both Gymnasiums, 205 Green-street, near Bleecker-street, and 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony-street, have re-opened for the season.—"Bodily exercise strengthens, and a sedentary life weakens the constitution; therefore it is necessary to keep up the balance between body and mind."—Spurzheim.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual, upon the most approved principles. s3.

TO TURFMEN AND BREEDERS.

SHORTLY will be published Three Genealogical Tables of Thorough bred ENGLISH STALLIONS, showing, at a glance, the line of blood of every entire horse which has got coverers descended from the three great sources of the race-horse—viz., the *Darley Arabian*, the *Godolphin Arabian*, and the *Byerly Turk*. The tables are compiled by W. Ruff, Turf Reporter to the London Papers and Bell's Life in London, from those of M. Lunen, drawn by order of the Emperor of Russia, and are published under the patronage of the most influential members of the Jockey Club; they will be neatly lithographed and may be had either on a plain sheet, or on rollers to hang up as a map. Orders received at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. a 13.

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to acy gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

DISSOLUTION.

THE firm of SACKETT & BRANCH, Printers, was dissolved on the 1st inst. All persons having demands against the firm will present them to the subscriber,

New York, Oct. 6, 1836. ISRAEL SACKETT.

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations. Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano, Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,

jy 23. 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

A CARD.

WM. A. COLMAN, No. 205 Broadway, New York, having fitted up at much expense, this building, for the display of his extensive assortment of fine Books and splendid Engravings, and for the purpose of selling Oil Paintings by Modern as well as Ancient Artists, which have merit to recommend them; takes this opportunity of offering to his friends and customers, his sincere acknowledgments for their liberal patronage for years past, and also to solicit their continuance at his new store, which will be found an agreeable resort for the purchase of rare and valuable Books, new Publications, Oil Paintings, and Highly Colored Engravings, many of which are expressly got up for his establishment, by one of the first houses in London and in Paris. He holds out no other inducement, in comparison with other similar stores, than a large assortment of the best articles which can be obtained, and to sell them at a fair profit for ready money.

A Catalogue of his extensive stock will be prepared as soon as possible. jy 23.

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson,	The CHAMPLAIN,	Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY,	" J. G. Jenkins,	" NORTH AMERICA,	" G. Lathrop,
" OHIO,	" M. Bartholomew,	" DE WITT CLINTON,	S. R. Roe.
The ROBERT L. STEVENS,	J. P. Dean.		

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped, or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owner sof such goods, freight, baggage &c.

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.

Killinworth, Con. June, 1836. june 25

SOUTHERN HOTEL.

THE subscriber having leased that well known establishment 157 Broadway, (late Niblo's), begs to inform his friends and the public, that it is now undergoing thorough renovation in painting and furnishing throughout, and will be open for the accommodation of travellers and permanent boarders on the 14th inst. Having secured a very superior assortment of wines and liquors, and intending to conduct this establishment on the most approved and liberal plan, he trusts, by every attention, an excellent larder and able assistants, to merit a share of public patronage. [n12] EDWARD OTTEY, 157 Broadway.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. Hewitt & Co.'s Music Store, and at Atwill's Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 29

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

NO. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for the last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the country have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so moderate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of all who require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon, as it is the intention of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at any time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

HENRY WELLS, Principal.

New-York. June 28, 1836.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and taken lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and fluency. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the most obstinate cases. W. F. CALDWELL.

Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease. CYRUS W. PRATT.

Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the city of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit. Hearing of Mr. Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use of my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my organs of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think no person need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this system. During the time I have been in his school, some thirty or forty pupils have attended; and none of them, so far as I know, without being cured. A wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make this statement.

ANDREW S. PERRY.

Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836. july 2 tf

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, New-York.

feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

SKINNER'S ENGLISH STUD BOOK.

THE Subscriber having sold to Mr. Gideon B. Smith, all his interest in Skinner's edition of the English and American Stud Book, all persons indebted for the said book will please pay the same to Mr. Smith, and all persons having any of said books in their possession for sale, will account for the same to him. Those persons who have paid for the book and not received it, will please apply for it to Mr. Smith, or give him directions how to send it to them. J. S. SKINNER.

Baltimore, July 25, 1836.

N.B. Having no further interest in the work, I can the more readily recommend it to all owners of thoroughbred horses. It contains the whole of the English Stud Book in three volumes, which it costs $25 to import, with the pedigrees of the most distinguished stallions and mares, to which may be traced the present stock of American horses. J. S. S.

The subscriber is desirous of closing the sales of Skinner's edition of the English Stud Book as soon as possible; he therefore requests all persons that want it to apply immediately by letter or otherwise. Copies are deposited at Charleston and Columbia, S. C., Savannah and Augusta, Geo., Louisville, Ken., Fayetville, Tenn., and at the Messrs. Carvills, at New York, so that any person in any of those sections of the country, can apply to me for a copy and I will give them an order for it. They are also for sale at the office of the Turf Register in Baltimore. When they are sent by mail the postage is $4,08. The money ($10 a copy should in all cases accompany the order.

The edition is very limited and not likely ever to be re-printed.

a 6. GIDEON B. SMITH, Turf Reg. office, Balt.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrifie into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has for the present taken the store 55 Gold-street. A small part only of his Stereotype Plates having been destroyed by the late fire, he will be enabled to furnish a full supply of his publications in a short time.

He has now on hand some of each of the following works:—

Hallecks Poems, Drakes do., Shakspeare, 2 vols. 8vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, 8vo., Byron, 1 vol. 8 vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, do., Johnson's Works, 2 vols. 8 vo., Boswell's Johnson, 2 do., Rollin's Ancient History, 2 vols. do., Burke's Works, 3 vols, Crown, 8 vo., Dryden's Works, 2 vols. do., Notices of the War of 1812, Life on the Lakes, 2 vols. 12 mo., Memoirs of an American Lady.

a 6-6t. GEO. DEARBORN

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Alexandria, La. - - Rapides Course, Annual Jockey Club meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Dec.
" " Match, Mile heats, $1000 aside, h. ft. *Corsair* vs. *Wings*, 12th Dec.
" " Match, Mile heats, $500 aside, h. ft. *Rhubarb* vs. *Taglioni*, 12th Dec.
" " Match, Mile hts, $10,000 aside, $5,500 bye; *Linnet* vs. *Coahoma*, Dec. 15.
" " Match, 3 m. h., $6,000 aside, $2,000 bye; *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin*, Dec. 16.
Baltimore, Md. - - - Match $6000 aside, *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of Spring meeting, 1837.
Charleston, S. C. - Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Washington Course, Monday, 20th Feb.
Columbia, S. C. - - - Jockey Club, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Jan.
Franklin, La. - - - - Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
Lowndes Co. Ala. - - Benton Course, Annual Jockey Club meeting, 3d Monday, 19th Dec.
New York City. - - Jockey Club, Union Course, 1st Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.
Natchez, Miss. - - - Annual Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st or 2d Wednesday in March.
" " Match, 4 m. h., $6,000 aside; *Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Feb. 27.
" " Match, 4 m. h., $5000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope*; Feb. 1837.
" " Match, Mile hts, $1000 aside; b. c. by Pacific, vs. b. c. by Longwaist; Feb.
" " Match, Mile hts, $2000 a side: f. br. to Naked Truth, vs. f. by Muley; Feb.
" " Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Feb. 1837.
" " Match, $2000 a-side, h. ft., 2 m. h., *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Feb.
" " Match, 4 m. h., $3 000 aside, h. ft., *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*. Jan. 29, 1837.
Nashville, Tenn. - - Match.—heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
Philadelphia, Pa. - Camden and Phila. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday in May.
Tree Hill, Va. - - - Match, 2 m. heats, $2000 a-side, h. ft. *Kitty Minge*, by Timoleon, vs. *Virginia Timberlake*, by Sir Charles, 1st day of Spring meeting, 1837.
Tuscaloosa, Ala. - - Jockey Club, Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday, 14th Dec.
Washington City. - National Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

Chestatee.—Aaving published some time since, the reply of Col. Calhoun to an article on Blood Stock, copied into this paper, from the Augusta (Ga.) Courier, we to-day give the Courier's rejoinder.

CHESTATEE.

A friend has called our attention to the dissatisfaction of Col. John E. Calhoun, as expressed in the November number of the Turf Register, for "grossly overlooking" his grey mare *Chestatee*, in a list of Blood Stock, which we published last Summer. Col. Calhoun can certainly not have read the remarks which accompanied the list, or he would never have uttered the complaint which we notice. We did not pretend, as stated by complainant, "to enumerate the Racing Stock of the South"—we aspired to no such task—we had neither the necessary ability nor materials. Our humble aim was simply, as stated in the beginning of the obnoxious article, to give a list of the blood stock belonging to gentlemen of "*this vicinity.*" Chestatee, who had received the just tribute of our pen on the proper occasion, was, by her location, cut off from the honor, if any honor it would have been, of a place in our limited enumeration. After the article was written, it was submitted to some sporting friends to ascertain its accuracy, who suggested, that it would be gratifying to the gentlemen of the Turf to know the destination of some horses, who no longer mingled in the active contentions of the Course, but who, for particular reasons, were the objects of considerable curiosity and interest. And they furnished several names, with the pedigrees, which, from this motive, finally had a place in our list. The majority of Col. Crowell's horses properly belonged to "this vicinity," for here they were actually stationed, and have been so ever since. We hope this explanation will atone for the "unjust" neglect by the writer of the claims of Chestatee to distinguished notice. Had it been our design to have enumerated any stock out of our own immediate neighborhood, we should certainly not have forgotten Chestatee, whose place in the second heat on our three mile day was, as her owner states, second to Bascomb. Col. Calhoun, however, might have been more respectful to our motives. They, as well as our actions, are, it is true, "of little consequence;" but what motive could we have had in not including a Pendleton nag in a list which professed to include those only of our immediate neighborhood? In its first conception, it was intended to have been confined entirely to Richmond County, and finally transcended that limit in the way and from the motive mentioned. Col. Calhoun will understand us when we say, if Chestatee had been of a different gender, and been removed from the Turf, with the reputation she then had, we might possibly have been spared the necessity of this explanation. We might further assure Col. C. that this unlucky list did not at last, with all our industry to make it complete, embrace the stock of several of our breeders. Messrs. Dalby and Haun gave us no list; but we happened to know of Mr. Dalby's interest in Elborak, Molly Lang, and Patsey Wallace, and therefore mentioned them, as they were then here. Nor does the list include the stock of Mr. Leverich, one of the most extensive and successful breeders in the county. He, with a few others, neglected to furnish the necessary information till it was too late. But none of these gentlemen accuse us "of grossly overlooking the reputation of their dumb brutes," nor ascribe to us any motives of much or "little consequence."

To settle the matter, however, and possibly to give Chestatee a faster hold in future on our memory, we'll bet the Colonel a bottle of Champaigne that we beat Chestatee, if she run on either the three or four mile day of the approaching races.

☞ Chestatee is by Bertrand, dam Viola, by Gallatin, granddam Clio, by imported Whip. Foaled in the Spring of 1831.

P.S. Just as we were going to press this (Friday) morning, the painful intelligence reached us of the sudden death of *Chestatee*, while running for the 3 mile purse at St. Matthews, S.C. She was contending against *Vertumnus* and *Clodhopper*, and on the second round of 2d heat she was seized with violent spasms principally in her hind legs and loins, which disabled her from standing, and she died in about an hour.

MARSHAL AND OHIO COUNTY (Va.) ASSOCIATION RACES.

Such is the caption of the race report which follows, that has been sent us by a subscriber. We have frequently chronicled the doings of this Association, without knowing exactly where the track was situated, into a few hundred miles or so. We presume a man might stand *somewhere* and throw a stone on the course. Some pretty good horses run upon it, however, as the report demonstrates. The weights carried are *cautionary*, and here they are:—3 yr. olds, 80—4, 96—5, 107—6, 118—aged, 126lbs., with 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings.

First Day, Oct. 5, 1836.—Purse $150, Four mile heats.

D. Stockton's ch. c. *Crowder*, by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany, 4 yrs.......... 1 1
Mr. Purdy's b. h. *Daniel O'Connell*, by Tariff, dam by Stranger, 7 yrs.......... 2 2
David Victor's b. h. *Wicomico*, by Gracchus, [dam omitted] 5 yrs.. 3 dis.
Time, 8:56—8:48. Track very heavy.

Second Day.—Purse $100, Three mile heats.

T. Scrugg's gr. f. *Whapsicopinico*, by Parrott's Sir Charles, dam by Consul, 4 yrs.......... 2 1 1
John T. Zielley's gr. m. *Effy*, by Pirate, dam by Consul, 5 yrs.. 1 2 2
Time, 6:34—6:30—6:35.

Third Day.—Purse $80, Two mile heats.

P. C. Bush's b. c. *Tom Branch*, by Star, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs. 1 1
Col. Parrott's br. g. *Plough Boy*, by Sir Charles, [dam omitted] 6 yrs. 2 2
Hugh Nicholas's gr. h. *Arch Duke*, by Pirate, dam by Consul, 6 yrs. 3 dis.
Peter Major's ch. g. *Copperboy*, by Parrott's Sir Charles, dam by Fleetwood.......... dis.
John T. Zielley's ch. c. *Cavalier*, by Pirate, dam by Consul.......... dis.
Dr. McDowell's b. f. ——, by Pirate, dam by Consul, 3 yrs.......... dis.
Time, 4:12—4:10.

We are authorised by the Agent of the Executor of the Estate of Col. James B. Richardson, deceased, to state, that the distinguished horse *Bertrand, Jun.*, will be suffered to remain in Augusta for one season more, (1837) under the care of Mr. Henry Dalby—after which he will return to South Carolina for the benefit of his owner's stock, and his place in Augusta be supplied by the no less distinguished horse, *Muckle John, Jun.*, for whose successful performances on the Turf, see Turf Register for May, 1836.

N.B. Two of Bertrand Jun's. fillies have already been successful on the Turf, particulars of which will be published as soon as received.

Editors of newspapers in Augusta and Georgia generally, are requested to copy the above for the benefit of the owners of blood stock.

Augusta (Geo.) Courier.

NATIONAL THEATRE--A CARD.

MR. GEORGE JONES has the honor most respectfully to inform the public that his Benefit will take place on Wednesday Evening, Dec. 14th, upon which occasion will be presented, the first time in this city, (with the concurrence of his friend the author) Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's celebrated Tragedy of ION, as nightly performed in London, with distinguished success. The character of ION by Mr. George Jones. To conclude with the Comedy of THE WONDER—Don Felix, Mr. George Jones, as performed by him at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, upon the occasion of his Complimentary Benefit. Donna Violante, Mrs. Flynn.

The Box Book is now open. [d10-1t.]

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. Boardman enters get of Imp. CONSOL.
Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2
James Jaclson & Co. enter the get of Imp. LEVIATHAN, on the terms proposed.
Nashville, Tenn. Aug. 10, 1836. Sept. 10.

NORTH ALABAMA SWEEPSTAKES.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race with colts and fillies, dropped in 1836, over the *North Alabama Race Course*, at Huntsville, on Monday of the Jockey Club Race week, the Fall meeting of 1838, one mile out; colts to carry 75lb., fillies allowed 2lb. Sub. $150, forfeit $100. To close and name to the Secretary of said Club, at Huntsville, on, or before 1st of January, 1837. Four or more to constitute a race.

1. E. H. Boardman | 2. John Blevins.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race with colts and fillies, dropped in 1836, over the North Alabama Race Course, at Huntsville, on Tuesday of Jockey Club Race week, the Fall meeting of 1839, Two mile heats; colts to carry 90lb., fillies and gelding allowed 3lb. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close and name to the Secretary of said Club at Huntsville, on or before 1st January, 1837. Five or more to constitute a race.

1. E. H. Boardman names ch. c. by St. Patrick, out of Delight, by Reveller.
2. James Jackson 3. Samuel Ragland. 4. Wm. H. Gee. 5. John Blevins.

Huntsville, Nov. 10, 1836. [d3].

THE RAGLAND STAKES, FLORENCE, Ala.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race with colts and fillies, dropped in Spring, 1836, over the *Florence* (Ala.) *Course*, Mile heats, on first Wednesday in May, 1839. Sub. $100, h. ft.. And to run the same colts and fillies, over the same Course, on Monday preceding the regular Jockey Club Races, a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, $200 sub. h. ft. To be governed by the Rules of said Jockey Club. Four or more to make a race. Now closed.

1. Samuel Ragland names b f by Imp. Leviathan, out of Eliza Jones, by Timoleon.
2. James Jackson names ch f by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gallopade
3. Nicholas Davies names b c by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover, by Sir Charles
4. E. H. Boardman names ch c by Actæon, out of Imp. Design, by Tramp.
5. E. H. Boardman names ch c by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Bell, by Sir Archy.
6. H. B. Turner names the get of Whalebone, out of Betsey Baker, by Timoleon
7. Nath. Terry enters the produce of Clear the Kitchen, by Imp. Leviathan.
8. W. H. Gee enters br f by Imp. Luzborough, out of Brunette, by Sir Hal
9. John Blevins enters ch f by Wild Bill, out of Lady Huntsville, Sister to J. Bascomb.
10. Geo. Mason enters ch c by Malcomb, dam by Carolinian.
11. A. Whitlock enters the get of Imp Luzborough, out of Virginius, by Cripple
12. John Connally names b f by Editor, out of Molly Long, by Stockholder.
13. W. H. Gee enters b f by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kate Kensia, by Contention
14. Jas. Kirkman names b c by Emilius, out of Eliza, by Rubens. [d3]

SWEEPSTAKES, NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, do agree to run a Sweepstake race over the *Nashville* (Tenn.) *Course*, in the Fall of 1837, preceding the Jockey Club Fall Races, with colts and fillies, then two years old, the Spring preceding, One mile out, $100 entrance, p.p., agreeable to rule. To name and close by the 1st Jan. 1837.

1. John C. Beasley | 3. T. A. Pankey
2. Stokeley Donelson | 4. A. B. Newsam
5. Wm. H. Gee.

WE, the Subscribers, do agree to run a Sweepstake race over the *Nashville* (Tenn.) *Course*, on the first Monday in May, 1838, with colts and fillies, then three years old. Sub. $200, h. ft. Mile heats, agreeable to present rules of said Course. To name and close by the 1st of January, 1837.

1. Robt. L. Weakly enters Anacroras colt, by Pacific.
2. G. W. Williams enters gr c by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana.
3. Stokeley Donelson. | 5. A. B. Newsam. | 7. T. A. Pankey.
4. A. J. Donelson. | 6. John C. Beasley. | 8. L. B. Cheatham.

WE, the Subscribers, do agree to run a Sweepstake race over the *Nashville* (Tenn.) *Course*, on the first Tuesday in May, 1839, with colts and fillies, then three years old, Mile heats, $200 entrance, h. ft., agreeable to the present rules of said Course. To name and close by 1st January, 1837.

1. John C. Beasley. | 3. T. A. Pankey. | 5. James Jackson.
2. Stokeley Donelson. | 4. Wm. H. Gee. | 6. L. P. Cheatham.
7. Arnold Russell. [d3]

SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB.

THE ANNUAL RACES over the Washington Course, near Charleston, S. C., will commence on Monday, the 20th Feb. 1837, with a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, Two mile heats, entrance $300, h. ft. Closed with 5 subscribers, viz.: Col. Hampton, Col. Singleton, Col. Butler, J. G. Guignard, Esq., and W. Sinkler, Esq.

On Wednesday, the 22d.—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats, free for horses of all ages.

On Thursday, the 23d.—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats, free for horses of all ages.

On Friday, the 24th.—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats. No horse allowed to star for this Purse that is not under 5 years.

On Saturday, the 25th.—Handicap Purse, Three mile heats.

In the week following the Citizens' Purse will be run for.

Besides the above Purses, the Club will also give $50 a day (the entrance money to be added) for a second race, Two mile heats, weights for age.

Charleston, S. C. Nov. 14, 1836. [n26-moj.] JOHN B. IRVING, Secretary

THE KENDALL COURSE RACES

WILL hereafter take place on the 3d week of May and October, instead of the 4th, as heretofore.

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course, near Baltimore.

1. A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds to run Spring meeting, 1837. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, now 5 subscribers; to name and close the 1st March next.
2. A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock, to run Spring meeting, 1837. Entrance $100, forfeit $50; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March next.
3. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then three years old, to run Spring, 1839. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250; now 12 subscribers; to name and close 1st January next.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. D. Shepherd enters produce of Priam, out of Moss Rose, by Tramp.
2. Col. Wm. L. White enters produce of Maid of Athens and Goliah.
3. Jas. B Kendall enters produce of Mary Randolph and Tranby.
4. Geo. Symms enters produce of Jemima Wilkinson and Monsieur Tonson.
5. Col. John Heth enters produce of Arietta and Shark.
6. Col. Jas. M. Seldon enters produce of Hotspur and Florida.
7. Thos. Pearsall enters produce of Gohanna and Gulnare.
8. Wm. Bosley has not named.
9. Col. Wm. R. Johnson, not named.
10. Wm. Williamson & J. P. Corbin, not named.
11. Col. Wm. Wynn enters produce of Flirtilla and Chateau Margeaux.
12. Also produce of Isabella and Eclipse.

In addition to the above, there are eight or ten more promised. Should this meet their eye, I hope it will put them in mind to make their entries in time. Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above Stakes, can do so, by addressing a letter to the subscriber, at Baltimore.

[n19-4w.] JAMES B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

SWEEPSTAKES, CAMDEN, S. C.

THE following Sweepstakes to be run over this Course, and open until the 1st Feb. next. Entries to be made with the Secretary.

1st. On the day preceding the races in 1837, for three year old colts and fillies, $100 entrance, h. ft., Mile heats, to which there are 4 subs.

2d. On the day preceding the races in 1838, for three year old colts and fillies, $200 entrance, h. ft., Two mile heats; 4 subs.

3d. On the day preceding the races in 1839, for three year old colts and fillies, $100 entrance, h. ft., Mile heats; 5 subs.

4th. On the day preceding the races in 1840, for 3 year old colts and fillies, $200 entrance, Two mile heats; 7 subs.; 3lb. allowed fillies in each race. [d3]

WASHINGTON NATIONAL J. C. RACES, SPRING, 1837,

WILL commence the 1st Tuesday in May. There is now open a post sweepstake for 4 year olds, spring, 1837, three mile heats, entrance $500, forfeit $200. To close the 10th April. The horse to be named at the starting post—now two subscribers. Particulars will hereafter be given. [n5-4t.] JAMES S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA SPRING RACES, 1837,

WILL commence on the fourth Tuesday in May next. A Sweepstakes for colts and filies then 3 years old, is now open over that course, one mile heats, entrance $500, forfeit $200. To close on 1st Jan. 1837—now seven subscribers. Entries can be described by letter, addressed to W. J. Leiper, Secretary to the Club, or to the subscriber, at Philadelphia. Entries made by mail must be post-marked the day previous to the closing of the stake.

[n5.] WM. N. FRIEND, Proprietor.

TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES.

THE following sweepstakes are open to come off over the *Hunting Park Trotting Course*, Philadelphia, Spring meeting, 1837, viz.:—

1. Sweepstake, Three mile heats under the saddle, sub. $1000, h. ft., with $500 added by the Proprietor, three or more to make a race. To close by the first of March, 1837.
2. Sweepstake to come off the subsequent day to the race named above, sub. $500, h. ft., with $200 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats, under the saddle, 3 or more to make a race. To close by the 1st of March, 1837.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1836. [d3] JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.

FOR SALE.

THE IMPORTED HORSE KILTON.—Kilton was got by Figaro, dam by Blacklock, g d by Delpini, g g d by Beningbrough, g g g d Katherine, by Highflyer. Kilton will be six years old next grass; he was purchased at two years old in England, by Thos. H. Perkins, Esq. of Boston, and sent to this country; he was trained for the first time this Fall, but met with an accident and was thrown out. Kilton is a dark chesnut, about 15 hands 3 inches high, with an uncommon fine shoulder and deep chest, good back and barrel, and fine limbs; in short, he is a beautiful and racing like looking horse. If not disposed of by the 27th of Dec. next, he will be sold at Tattersall's to the highest bidder. He may be seen at the stable of John Drew, near the Union race course, Long Island. For further information apply to

[d3] JOHN C. STEVENS, 14 Barclay-st.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES AND MATCHES to be run over the *Union Course*. All the *Sweepstakes* now open will close the first of January, 1837.

By reference to the annexed, subscribers will know their nominations, where closed—and have an opportunity of naming or changing such as are still open to the 1st of January. Any gentleman wishing to make a nomination to any stake marked "*open*" on the list, will please address the undersigned before the 1st of January, 1837.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, Jamaica, New York.

SPRING, 1837.

Match, mile heats, two weeks before the 1st Spring meeting, 1837, between Mr. John C. Stevens' Henry colt, out of Janette, and Capt. Stockton's colt, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey.

First Meeting, Spring 1837, for 3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robert Tillotson names ——, by Henry, out of the dam of Medoc.
2. R. L. Stevens names produce of Betsy Ransom, by Henry.
3. Do. names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Nullifier.
4. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress, by Eclipse.
5. Do. names produce of Ostrich, by Andrew.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Henry.
7. Do. names produce of Romp, by Henry.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey, by Sir Charles.
9. Do. names produce of Monmouth's dam, by Dashall.
10. Wm. Gibbons names Shadow, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam Sally Slouch.
11. I. S. Snedecor names c. by Andrew, dam Vandeveer's Pacolet mare.
12. Wm. Jones names produce, a Lovell colt out of Eleanor.
13. T. Pearsall names produce, a colt by Flying Childers, dam Gulnare.
14. A. L. Botts names s. f. by Eclipse, dam Phillis, full sister to Gohanna.
15. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Sir Charles.
16. John Drew names produce "Cornelia," by Andrew, dam Filho mare.
17. Samuel Laird names s. f. Betsey Andrew, by Andrew, dam Farmer's Damsel.
18. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.

OPEN.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250; 4 or more to make a race. To close 1st of January, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton. | 3. Robert Tillotson.
2. J. C. Stevens. | 4. Robt. L. Stevens.

OPEN.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Two mile heats, for 4 year olds. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250, four or more to make a race, and close the 1st of January, 1837.

1. Wade Hampton names full sister to Trifle.
2. John C. Stevens names Dosoris, by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.

FALL, 1837.

First Meeting, Fall, 1837.—Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Ostrich and Andrew.
2. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.
3. J. Bathgate names produce of a Henry mare and Autocrat.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Henry.
5. Also " " of Romp and Henry.
6. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Henry.
7. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey and Sir Charles.
8. G. T. Wilson names produce of Miss Fisher and Andrew.
9. A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis and Eclipse.
10. T. Pearsall names produce of Gulnare and Childers.
11. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Nullifier.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Fall, 1837, Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, to close 1st of January, 1837.

SPRING, 1838.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance, $300, forfeit $100; to close 1st of January, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Helen Mar and Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Oscar mare and Monmouth Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Eclipse.
4. Also produce of Janette and Eclipse.
5. James Cooke names s. c. Crickett, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
6. W. Livingston names produce of Jemima and Eclipse.
7. Also produce of Medora and Eclipse.
8. J. Vansicler names produce of Lady Richmond and Eclipse.

OPEN.

Spring, 1838.—Sweepstakes, Mile heats. Entrance $200, forfeit $50. To close 1st of January, 1837.

1. J. Vansicler names produce of Rotten Apples, by Simon.

Produce Sweepstakes for Spring, 1838, Mile heats. Entrance $1000, forfeit 250, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Livingston names produce of Medora, by Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Jemima, by Eclipse.
3. R. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam, by Eclipse.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Eclipse.
5. J. H. Wilkes names produce of Betsey Richards, by Eclipse.
6. R. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Eclipse.
7. S. Gouverneur names produce of Polly Jones, by Eclipse.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie, by Eclipse.
9. Also produce of Charlotte Pace, by Eclipse.
10. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Reality, by Eclipse.
11. John C. Craig names produce of Bonnets of Blue, by Eclipse.
12. Also produce of Kate Kearney, by Eclipse.
13. S. Ringgold names produce of Arietta, by Eclipse or Medley.
14. John Heth names produce of Screamer, by Luzborough.
15. Also produce of Annette, by Goliah.
16. W. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla, by Luzborough.
17. Also produce of Isabella, by Luzborough.
18. A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis, full sister to Gohanna, by Goliah.
19. Wm. H. Minge names produce of dam of Mazeppa, by May Day.
20. Robt. Randolph names produce of Minge's Bluster mare, by Forty Four.
21. W. R. Johnson names produce of dam of Charles Kemble, by Andrew.
22. Wm. Coleman names produce of dam of Trifle, by Andrew.
23. J. M. Botts names produce of dam of Rosalie Somers, by Gohanna.
24. Also produce of dam of Rolla, by Gohanna.
25. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Bedford mare, by Eclipse.
26. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank, by Eclipse.
27. John C. Stevens names produce of Romp, by Henry.
28. James S. Garrison names produce of Lady La Grange, by Luzborough.
29. Also produce of Sally Hope, by Sarpedon.
30. Also produce of dam of Zinganee, by Ivanhoe.
31. Wm. Jones names produce of Dove, by (imported) Roman.
32. Jas. M. Selden names produce of dam of Bachelor, by Sussex.
33. A. B. Meade names produce of Green's Filho mare, by Eclipse.
34. Samuel Laird names produce of Farmer's Damsel, by Henry.
35. Also produce of Lady Hamlet, by Eclipse.
36. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam, by Eclipse.
37. Also produce of Lady Jackson, by Henry.
38. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Medley.
39. J. H. Oliver names produce of Patsey Calbert, by Tonson.
40. J. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda, by Eclipse.
41. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rockh, by Henry.
42. J. R. Snedecor names produce of Grasshopper, by Eclipse.
43. John C. Stevens names produce of English mare Isabel, by Eclipse.
44. D. W. Jones names produce of Princess, by Eclipse.

FALL, 1838.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, for 3 yr. olds. Entrance $200, forfeit $50. To close 1st of January, 1837.

SPRING, 1839.

Match, mile heats, First meeting, 1839, between Mr. Tillotson's filly by Barefoot, out of Polly Jones and Mr. J. C. Stevens' Henry colt, out of Romp.

Match, mile heats, First meeting, 1839, between Mr. Tillotson's colt, by Gohanna, out of Medoc's dam, and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' colt, out of Polly Hopkins, by Emilius.

Match, mile heats, between the produce of the dam of Ariel, by Gohanna, belonging to Mr. Hamlin, and the produce of the dam of Post Boy, by Barefoot, of Mr. S. Neale; First meeting, 1839.

Match, Second meeting, 1839, mile heats, between the colts of Col. W. Hampton, and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens.

Produce Sweepstakes, mile heats, First meeting, Spring, 1839. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones and Barefoot.
2. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Gohanna.
3. J. C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
4. A. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich and Gohanna.
5. John Heth names produce of Arietta and Shark.
6. J. C. Stevens names produce of Romp and Henry.
7. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Gohanna.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Shark.
9. Also produce of Powancey and Shark.
10. J. Bathgate names produce of Highland Mary and Barefoot.
11. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Garland and Barefoot.
12. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Emilius.
13. Also produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Mile heats, First meeting, Spring, 1339. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250. Second in the race of receive back stakes: 4 or more to make a race, and close 1st of January, 1837.

1. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Geranium and Barefoot.
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Gohanna.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Mile heats, First meeting, 1839. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.

FALL, 1839.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, First meeting, Fall, 1839. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.

SPRING, 1840.

OPEN.

Produce Stake, First meeting, Spring, 1839. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

OPEN.

Produce Stake, Second meeting, 1840. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250. The second in last heat to receive back stakes, unless one should win a heat and not be distanced. Ten or more to make a race, and close the 1st of January, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. P. Corbin names produce of Preston's dam, by Star.
2. S. Mallory names produce of Caroline James, by Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of ——————.
4. J. M. Selden names produce of ——————
5. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of ——————.
6. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of ——————.
7. B. B. Seaman names produce of Agnes and Barefoot.
8. W. Livingston names produce of Alice Grey and Tonson.
9. Also produce of Jemima and Barefoot.
10. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank and Barefoot.

FALL, 1840.

OPEN.

Produce Stakes, Two mile heats. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. Four or more to make race, and close 1st of January, 1837.

The above is correctly copied from the Secretary's book, this 12th day of November, 1836.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, Secretary N. Y. Jockey Club.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

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WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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